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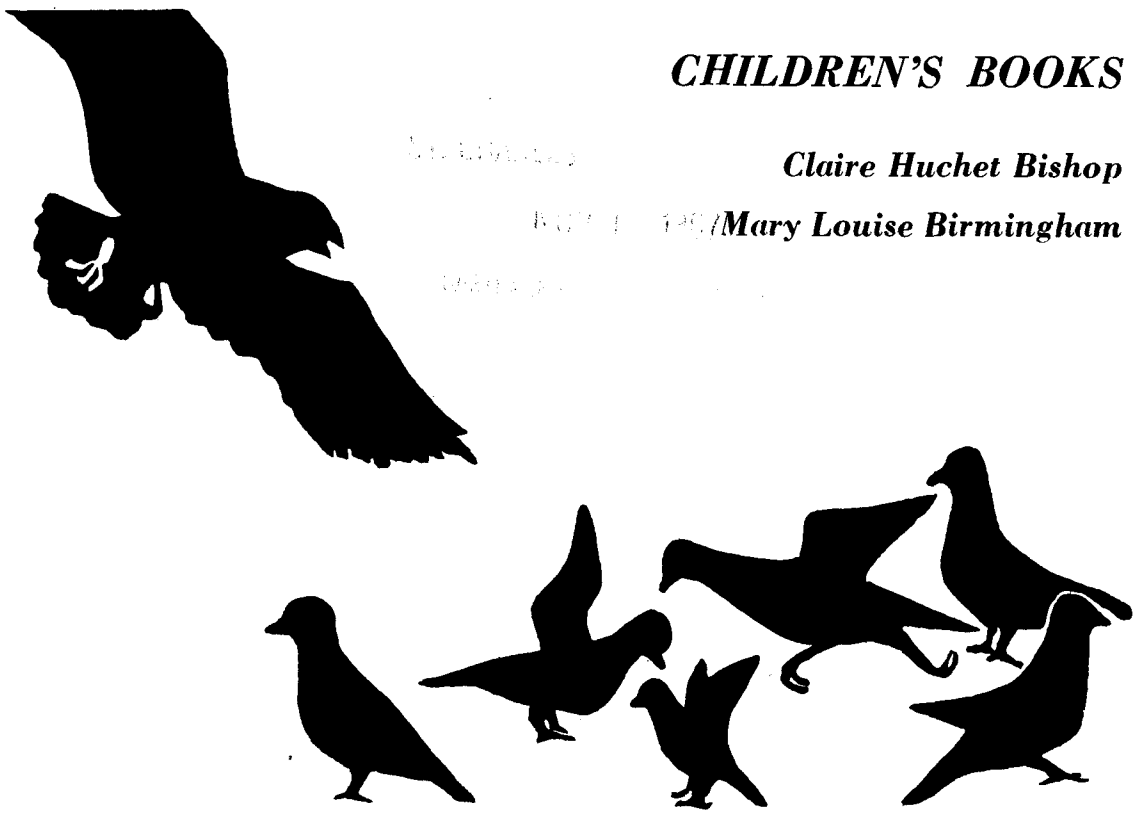

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Claire Huchet Bishop

Mary Louise Birmingham

RÉGIS DEBRAY, BOURGEOIS REVOLUTIONARY

Jordan Bishop

THE NON-LATIN MASS

William F. Buckley Jr.

BONNIE & CLYDE, VIOLENT ROMANTICISM

John Quirk

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Catholic Peace Fellowship remains on working terms with the firm handling its mail meter business—Postalia, Inc.

CPF joined with the Fellowship of Reconciliation in switching to Postalia from Pitney-Bowes, after Pitney-Bowes refused to provide the cancellation slogan, "War Is Costly—Peace Is Priceless." (Owners of mailing machines can replace slogans and postal symbols only through the firm that built the machine.)

Pitney-Bowes president John O. Niklis labeled CPF's peace slogan "not indirectly political and controversial, [but] directly so."

More recently, Pitney-Bowes refused to furnish the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in Atlanta with the cancellation slogan, "One Man, One Vote." However, the John Birch Society had been able earlier to obtain the cancellation "This Is a Republic, Not a Democracy—Let's Keep It That Way."

Catholic Peace Fellowship's current cancellation slogan (via Postalia) is "Vietnam, Lotus in a Sea of Fire." The slogan is from the title of the book by Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh. The title, in turn, is from the couplet:

The jade, burned on the mountain,
retains its natural color,
The lotus, blooming in the furnace,
does not lose its freshness.

Thich Nhat Hanh's book is a moving, carefully reasoned appeal for peace in Vietnam. Father Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P., citing it in *Sign* magazine, wrote:

"In a genteel way, the contemplative monk lists our liabilities: our ignorance of Vietnam's history, our inability to penetrate her Asian mystery, our misunderstanding of her vibrant nationalism, our ugly role as unwitting destroyers of much that we have no right to destroy by direct intent, our mistaken identification as the new imperialists, our day-to-day contribution to the hardening of communist aims, and our disillusioning of non-communist patriots."

•

A California correspondent advises against writing off Los Angeles Catholics as completely hopeless: "Recently I was at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in Westwood, and just inside the first page of each copy of the *Tidings* was tucked a copy of the *Catholic Worker*."

•

The Canon Law Society of America continues to press for a constitutional approach to Church government. At a recent seminar in New York, co-sponsored by the society and Fordham, 32 experts in Church and civil law urged that the Church abandon the monarchial Justinian legal tradition in favor of the Anglo-Saxon common law approach, with its system of checks and balances.

Being called for specifically are: a division of power between central and regional governing bodies; the separation of legislative, executive and judicial functions; guarantees of individual rights, including due process and equal protection under law; more accountability from those in authority; electoral processes, and extended freedom of information.

Also being sought are an overhaul of the Church's administrative policies; an independent judiciary which would interpret law as an "instrument to foster and protect the creative freedom of the members of the Christian community"; and a legislative system that would stress the idea of "co-responsibility" of all members in the Church's decision-making processes.

The measures are spelled out in a 3,500-word document adopted at the New York meeting.

According to Msgr. Francis A. Maurovich, editor of *The Catholic Voice* of Oakland, Calif., the document is not a polished product. ("It sidesteps the theological question of the extent to which the Church is subject to constitutional order [and] it fails to take adequate account of different theological views.") However, the document is a beginning, and at this stage in the democratization movement within the Church many, like Msgr. Maurovich, consider the existence of a working paper to be as important as the contents—repeat, *at this stage*.

Incidentally, Canon Law Society officials are anxious to allay suspicions of rebelliousness. Father Alan McCoy, O.F.M., society president, commented: "This call for a system of checks and balances within the Church should not be construed as an attack on the authority of the Pope and the bishops. We are convinced that the adoption of these principles will enable the Church to achieve its mission much more efficiently and effectively."

•

Pittsburgh pre-teener Kathy Kiely adds a "teenyboppers version" to the six not very anonymous satirical take-offs in the current issue of *The Critic* of a "prayer you've heard somewhere":

O great dove,
Your name really grooves.
Your pad is out of sight.
Supply us with necessities—
pot and booze.
Overlook our riots, as bloodshed
in Vietnam is overlooked as
national duty.
And deliver us from draft boards.
End of trip.

•

Blessed Be the Innocent Dept.:

David Dempsey, in a column in *Saturday Review* detailing new trends among Catholic publishing houses: "As a crowning cachet, Herder & Herder even throws cocktail parties."

•

Odds 'n Ends Dept.:

The alleged financial difficulties that have necessitated restructuring of the Newman Club program in the Diocese of Dallas are not so drastic as to demand any curtailment of the building program at diocesan-run University of Dallas. One million dollars from the Blakely-Braniff Memorial Fund has been spent to erect on campus a non-functional, non-esthetic tower.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Defense of Dawson

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: I should have thought that your reviewer for Christopher Dawson's *The Formation of Christendom,* Prof. Storey of the School of Liturgy at the University of Notre Dame (Sept. 8), would have been more interested in Dawson's description of the central place of the liturgy in the early Christian community and the way in which it preserved so much of the Hebraic inheritance of Christianity. This particular section of the book, pages 136 to 143, is one of the most concise statements available of the significance of the liturgy for early Christian culture. Yet your reviewer chose to ignore it in order to take Dawson to task for not having mentioned the liturgical failings of the later medieval Church.

To illustrate my point, let me quote the following passage which is a key to Dawson's view of the liturgy: "The spiritual unity of Christian culture finds its fullest embodiment in the early liturgies, which are not only the most intimate expression of the faith and life of the ancient Church, but also the first creative achievement of the new Christian culture. Nowhere is the spirit of the ancient Church more fully manifested than in the rite of baptism and the associated rites and ceremonies which have left such a deep mark on the Roman liturgy of Lent, Easter and Pentecost. We have also the evidence of the art of the catacombs and the ancient Christian baptisteries, especially that of St. John Lateran with the inscription of Pope Xystus III (432-440). . . .

"For behind the change of culture, there is the spiritual change, 'the recreation of a new people,' the theme that runs through all those liturgical rites and which finds poetical expression in the above-mentioned inscription of Pope Xystus."

In the present highly-charged atmosphere which surrounds the demands of

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CHAUVINISTIC CATHOLIC CHARITY

Time was when American Catholic Relief Services elicited unanimous, indeed instinctive support from Catholics. Last year's Laetare Sunday Collection, for instance, netted $7-million. The sum was not surprising. CRS has carried on a near-historic global mission of relief, dispensing food, clothing, medical care and funds in some 80 countries of Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America. It would be almost impossible, as with the current Thanksgiving Clothing Campaign, not to rally behind a humanitarian service as extensive as that.

Nevetheless, because of the nature of its involvements in Vietnam, some basic questions have cropped up lately in connection with the operations of Catholic Relief Services. CRS's tie-in with the American military in Vietnam, particularly as an agency through which the South Vietnamese Popular Forces are paid and thus maintained, has disturbed not a few Catholics who correctly believe that the Gospel understanding of charity is best implemented when kept independent of nationalist purpose and means. It is worrisome enough when national programs are innocent or ethically indifferent, but when they are military and border even on the genocidal, as they do in Vietnam, then the liaison of a religious relief agency with the armed agents of a nation, specifically the United States, becomes a perversion of Christian charitable purpose.

Accordingly, a number of prominent Catholics are associating themselves with a petition of the Catholic Peace Fellowship requesting fellow Catholics to withhold financial support from CRS until certain matters are clarified. These Catholics ask a full and public accounting from CRS on its military aid involvements; a general review of CRS structure and policies, one that would explore relationships between CRS and American foreign policy, not only in Vietnam, but in other parts of the developing world; and an explanation as to why CRS is boycotting the effort of Caritas Internationalis, the Vatican-based relief coordinating agency, to dispense aid to the needy and suffering in *all* Vietnam, not just to those on one side of the 17th parallel.

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These are legitimate questions and, until they are satisfactorily answered, the request of the petitioners is quite reasonable: that American Catholics make their contributions to international charities, not through Catholic Relief Services, but rather through Caritas Internationalis (15 via della Conciliazione, Rome, Italy), with the specification that their contributions be used to aid victims on the basis of need and irrespective of residency north or south of any parallel.

It pains long-time admirers of Catholic Relief Services, *Commonweal* among them, that such an appeal should have to be issued, but it appears a necessary recourse if Catholic Relief Services is to be rescued from the ensnarements that in certain situations will reduce it to a politico-military charity.

A Catholic Peace Fellowship spokesman remarked, ever so accurately, that "public confidence is essential to CRS as an organization and to its mission." As matters stand, public confidence in Catholic Relief Services is steadily eroding. This will continue so long as CRS pursues its chauvinist policies, and, by its associations in Vietnam, exudes the impression that it's a lovely war.

ANOTHER ROUND?

The U.N. was bristling again last week with the decibels of invective in the wake of renewed fighting in the Middle East. Egypt, acting once more on bad advice—one is tempted to blame the Soviet Union—sank in a fit of bravado the Israeli destroyer *Elath*. The Israelis, responding characteristically, demolished the *sine qua non* of Egypt's rebuilt military machine, her refined oil. What Nasser (or the Russians) was specifically looking for in this incident is a matter of speculation: clearly he had entered upon the engagement aware of the probability of reprisal since nearly all of the Suez area's inhabitants had been previously evacuated and Cairo itself was on air-raid alert. And evidently the Soviets were anxious to make a point with their deadly Styx missiles with specific respect to an American navy which is busily and blithely pasting the coast of North Vietnam.

But what happened was an unmitigated disaster for the beleaguered U.A.R., while the U.S.S.R. was forced thereupon to make a symbolic show of force at Port Said. Prior to last June, one would have pondered long hours over such a ridiculous incident as the *Elath* sinking, straining for devious Machiavellian implications. But since then the mythic cunning of the various Arab states stands revealed as almost bathetic and senseless posturing whose lasting result seems to be the replacement of a British and French colonial rule with Soviet and American, while the real task of effecting some sort of peace in that potentially rich area and turning to the evident problems of economic development remains forestalled.

The renewed fighting could have been staged by a Joseph Heller run amok. At the very moment that reconciliation was beginning to appear in some hard bargaining and the hard line of the U.A.R. was being tempered with some salutary assistance from George Brown, the lid blew. The most stricken victim was moderation as both sides withdrew to armies and arms depots. Although some hope may be salvaged from General Dayan's almost pliant announcement of Israeli intentions to regard the truce as still in force, the real question, of course, is whether the Egyptians and the Syrians, who seemed to gain the most from the week's battles, will be amenable to keep the truce and whether the United States which lifted its arms embargo during the hostilities will be able to influence both parties to accept mediation. In a time when great and small powers alike are increasingly reliant on armed superiority for the dubious goal of the saving of face, little chance remains for a workable detente in the Mideast where the logic of confrontation propels the parties toward another round.

REFORM AS EXPERIMENT

For a while, at the height of Vatican II euphoria, reforming nuns was a popular Catholic pastime. As the fad ran its lumbering course, nuns were subjected to a torrent of unsolicited advice which ran to solemn warnings to "Do something about the way you look." (Get rid of those funny shoes.) "Start being *really* poor." (Go barefoot.) "Appreciate sex." "Stop whatever you're doing and go to jail (for civil rights, peace, etc.)."

Nobody knows whether this little game was more of a help or hindrance to those sisters pressing for change within their communities. But long after the faddists shifted to bigger game, reforming priests and bishops, nuns were continuing the self-studies required for full-scale reform. One such study, by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in California, has recently been concluded and the results are more far-reaching and radical than any imagined by the early critics.

The IHM sisters have in mind nothing less than a profound redirection of their communal life style, making it more open to the needs of their own members and of the larger community of mankind. Internally, the emphasis is on local autonomy, letting individual convents decide how they wish to be governed—by a superior or by group decisions. Externally, the sisters will in future be free to engage in a diversity of political and social action as individuals, without committing the community to replacements. The sisters will continue their major work of education and healing but in their schools they will insist upon annual written agreements with pastors and diocesan representatives, ensuring smaller classes, full authority for the principal and enough money for staff, clerical help, teaching materials and maintenance. This may raise the hackles of some chancery officials and pastors but the sisters are convinced that a move toward fewer schools of higher quality is inevitable.

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In medicine they wish to be free to enter upon a wider variety of health services such as home nursing, family counseling and rehabilitation, which may mean eventually relinquishing ownership and control, though not influence, of the two hospitals they now run.

For these and numerous other items—including simplification in dress and titles—the Immaculate Heart proposals are landmarks. It is important to observe, too, that they are conceived as experiments, not as rigid dicta laid down for the next 40 years. The whole approach is contemporary, American and, of course, risky. The risks seem eminently worth taking.

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

A NATIONAL WAR PARK

America's morbid obsession with the spectacular side of war—past and present—may soon take a new twist. Since 1961 there has been in existence a law (P.L. 87-186, H.R. 4569) which established a National Armed Forces Museum Advisory Board to authorize expansion of the Smithsonian Institution's facilities for "portraying the contributions of the Armed Forces of the United States" to our society and culture.

Specifically, the Smithsonian wants to build a 610-acre, $40 million Armed Forces Museum Park on the Potomac River's Maryland shore, between Ft. Foote and the Woodrow Wilson Bridge. Among the features of the park would be a beachhead displaying amphibious vessels and wartime beach defenses, an airfield with military planes from World War I to the present scattered about 30 acres, and a large display in a vast wooded area, tracing the evolution of warfare from the Revolutionary War to the present.

The park would be oriented to "visitor participation," Col. John H. Magruder, U.S.M.C., director of the Advisory Board, told a *Washington Post* reporter. This will give families opportunities to operate a periscope on a World War II submarine, walk through a cut-away of an ICB missile silo, and enter a replica of a World War I trench system replete with sandbags, duckboards and barbed wire. The "barbs," however, are to be made of rubber.

In October, 1966 a plan was submitted to Congress by the Advisory Board which was a revision of a 1965 proposal involving Ft. Washington, four miles downriver from Ft. Foote. The 1965 plan was opposed by the National Park Service which wanted to build a 10,000-seat outdoor amphitheater at Ft. Washington and stage historical American drama. The recent compromise plan, approved by the Park Service, the National Capital Planning Commission and the Regents of the Smithsonian, calls only for certain fortifications at Ft. Washington to serve as an annex to the Ft. Foote museum. Many peace groups, including an Emergency Committee Against the War Park, have protested the proposed action by Congress.

In a holding action the Advisory Board decided to ask only for a $10,000 a year salaried military historian for their staff to continue the study of the Museum Park. The request was made before Washington State Congresswoman Julia Butler Hansen's House Interior Subcommittee.

Although there has been a minimum of publicity about the War Park, an article in the Sept. 21, 1966, *Washington Post* brought a flurry of angry letters-to-the-editor and letters of protest to Congress. Despite this opposition it appears that a $3 million appropriation will be requested soon for the acquisition of the Museum Park site. Lee Williams, administrative assistant to Sen. J. William Fulbright (who is on the Smithsonian Board of Regents) told this reporter, "it is my opinion that the proposal for the Museum will not be abandoned."

Principal objections to the park are: the Smithsonian would be deviating from its purpose of emphasizing America's accomplishments in creative fields rather than in destructive ones; children today are already overly exposed to an excessive amount of violence through television, comic strips, movies, war toys, and books about war; the park would seriously damage our image throughout the world by portraying the United States as a nation proud of war and willing to squander its money instead of using it to alleviate poverty and provide wholesome recreation.

In fiscal 1965-66, the House District Committee reduced the budget for the District of Columbia by $31.2 million through curtailing the building of hospitals, schools, playgrounds and housing. Local leaders have long argued for more recreation space in the District where play space is from one-third to one-half below the national minimum. Since 1962, over 300 acres of park and play space have disappeared in the nation's capital, four-fifths of this land going to new highways.

The Museum Advisory Board argues that the park will not be what one critic has called "a Disneyland of war": "The Smithsonian Institution shall commemorate and display the contributions made by military forces of the Nation toward creating, developing and maintaining a free, peaceful, and independent society and culture in the U.S.A. The valor and sacrificial service of the men and women of the Armed Forces shall be portrayed as an inspiration to the present and future generations of America.

"The demands placed upon the full energies of our

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people, the hardships endured, and sacrifice demanded in our constant search for world peace shall be demonstrated . . . It shall be equipped with a study center for scholarly research into the meaning of war, its effect on civilization, and the role of the Armed Forces in maintaining a just and lasting peace by providing a powerful deterrent to war."

It appears now that only a Congress sensitive to the public's feelings about war stands between the idea of a National War Museum Park and the reality.

A. V. KREBS JR.

(A. V. Krebs, Jr. is a free-lance writer living in San Francisco.)

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THE BISHOPS' SYNOD

A DECISIVE PERHAPS

Rome

In discussing the Bishops' Synod, a distinction between matter and form is essential. It is entirely possible that the bishops consistently said some very wise things in the Synod and thus had a real effect on the government of the Church. Indeed, on the basis of what I have heard here, I am inclined to believe that this is indeed the case. But even if this is so, the Synod has failed to demonstrate that the spirit of the second Vatican Council still lives and that the new openness in the Church is not finished.

The relationship of the Synod with the press began poorly and never got much better. No reporters were allowed to observe the proceedings. After each day's session was over, Father Edward Heston of the Holy Cross Fathers briefed the assembled journalists, as he did during the Council. However, for the first half of the Synod he was not himself allowed inside and even when that restriction was lifted, he was not permitted to identify the speakers by name. Join this with the fact that most speeches were translated from Latin to Italian and then to English before the reporter received even a hint of what was said, and you can understand the common conviction that something of an ecclesiastical and linguistic veil obscured the Synod proceedings.

The favorite justification of the secrecy rule was the claim that bishops, too, needed to be allowed to meet in privacy sometimes, to speak off the record and perhaps even make fools of themselves away from the public eye. However, I met no one aside from the bishops themselves who was impressed with this argument; the general feeling was that if bishops want to have private conversations on occasion, they should hire a lodge in the country somewhere but not call their meeting a Synod of the universal Church.

Given the situation on secrecy, it was small wonder that the journalists sponsored their own "underground" press conference, which met in a bookstore basement after the official briefing was finished. Called the Center for Coordination of Communications of the Synod (CCCS), the service provided invaluable daily bulletins to supplement the official ones, usually managing to identify who said what, and it also provided a panel of theologians to answer background questions. The net result was that newsmen may in the end have learned almost everything that happened in the Synod, but the process by which they achieved this result was so roundabout that no one felt completely confident that he really knew what was going on. The Synod's credibility gap could have rivaled President Johnson's any day, and the disturbing thing is that everyone here is convinced that the orders for secrecy came directly from Pope Paul.

Under these circumstances it would be easy enough to dismiss the entire Synod as unimportant, but this would be a mistake. The Bishops' Synod represented the major structural change made by the Vatican Council, and its establishment was a significant landmark in the history of the Church. At the Council, more than 1800 out of 2150 Fathers approved the statement that "the episcopal college succeeds the apostolic college in the function of evangelization, sanctification and pastoral work, and—together with its head, the Roman Pontiff, and never without this head—is invested with supreme and full power over the universal Church." This Synod was the first effort since the Council to put this principle into practice for the entire Church, and the implications, ecumenical and otherwise, are enormous.

Present for the Synod were almost 200 bishops from all over the world. The National Conference of American Bishops elected four United States delegates to the Synod last April—Lawrence Cardinal Shehan of Baltimore, Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit, John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia and Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh—and the Pope subsequently appointed three more, including Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. At the same time that the election was held, the National Conference also released the agenda for the Synod; the five topics listed were: dangers to the faith, canon law, seminaries, mixed marriages and liturgy—a "churchy" listing which by omitting such topics as birth control and celibacy did much to kill popular interest in the Synod right from the start.

Theologians differ as to just what extent this Synod in fact represented the collegial principle endorsed by the Council. There is no doubt that the Pope moved very cautiously in setting out the conditions under which the Synod operated, and in one sense it can be argued that the Synod was more of an agency to help him than an expres-

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sion of collegiality. The Synod met at the Pope's call, not at a regularly prescribed time, which would be better. As of now, a Synod really does not have decision-making power unless the Pope chooses to give such power. Further, members of the Synod did not, at least in this instance, set the agenda; it was set for them.

As a consequence of all these limitations, not even the Synod's strongest champions would claim that it was a perfect example of the bishops' powers as co-governors with the Pope of the universal Church. Nevertheless, the Synod was a beginning, at the very least a highly significant symbol of collegiality, and it was important for precisely that reason. If it succeeded at all, it may mark the beginning of the end for overcentralized authority in the Church.

In such an event, what would the Synod do? The Bishops' Synod is now, at least in intention, *the* body to be consulted by the Pope on matters of doctrine and discipline. If it is really used in this fashion, the Synod would take over many of the functions the anachronistic College of Cardinals once had, regularly meeting with the Pope, advising him, and perhaps ultimately electing a new Pope on the death of the old. This latter method would clearly be a better procedure than the present one, when men who are appointed by one Pope and who are by the nature of things almost always aged, pick one of their number to be the next Pontiff; bishops chosen from around the world by their fellow-bishops would certainly be more representative than that. (This idea that the bishops might elect the Pope was once put forward in public by Cardinal Suenens, but the rumor is that the notion was quickly shot down by "higher authority.")

Ideally, advocates of the idea of the Bishops' Synod see it as meeting on a regular basis three or four times a year to advise the Pope, with 20 or so bishops chosen from its membership to act as a permanent body to aid the Pontiff at all times. This would be fine, but such an outcome seems unlikely in the near future; the earliest anyone suggests for the next meeting is a year from now and many say it will be two years. But pressures for more frequent meetings are bound to be strong, and perhaps a more or less permanent Synod will be the shape of the future, with this example then spreading on all levels in the Church; here it should be noted that the Orthodox take lay participation in the synodal life of the Church for granted.

That is the positive side. If the Bishops' Synod turns out to have been a failure, though, it would be a severe setback for collegiality and the cause of reform in the Church. Recent papal changes in the Curia are good, but they will take time to have their effect, and Pope Paul's health is problematical. A failure of the Synod idea would strengthen those in the Curia who think that they speak with the voice of the Supreme Pontiff, that they are responsible to him alone and not to the universal Church, and that theirs is the last word.

In many ways the acid test for the Synod was whether or not it could create effective two-way communication between the local churches and Rome without which a more collegial type of Church government cannot be achieved. It is not possible to say whether or not this was accomplished. The exact structure of the Synod was not rigidly determined in advance, and much of its success or failure depended on the bishops themselves and how vigorously they spoke up for reform. If the majority saw themselves as fulfilling a collegial role and acted vigorously in that spirit, all will be well. But if they saw themselves as nothing but aides to the Pope and subject purely to his wishes, the efforts of Vatican II to correct the imbalance of authority in the Church created by Vatican I must be counted as a failure.

The agenda presented to the bishops was broad to the point of vagueness, and press arrangements here made it impossible to be sure whether the bishops did take a firm line. The agenda's first point on doctrine and "the crisis of faith," for example, was generally thought to represent Cardinal Ottaviani's obsessive fear of heresy in the local churches, and if the bishops treated this part of the agenda according to the aging curial Cardinal's preferences, the result undoubtedly would have been disaster. But in fact there were indications even in the official press hand-outs that the bishops refused to follow this line, and the results could not help but be instructive for the Roman mind. The same thing can be said about the other topics on the agenda, seminary reform, canon law, mixed marriages and liturgy; what the bishops said was probably much better than the press was allowed to find out.

How important was all this? The Vatican Council raised high hopes all over the world, and this is what the organizers of the Synod, or at least of the press coverage of the Synod, seem to have forgotten. The Synod was important precisely because it was a major potential means of continuing and expanding the reforms of Vatican II. This could not happen if the Synod allowed itself to become merely another Roman body, either a helping hand for the Pope or a sort of super-Curia supervising the normal workings of the Roman machinery; the Synod had to reflect the genuine aspirations inside the Church for change and reform or it was useless. No doubt some of the lag in applying the principles of the Vatican Council was unavoidable, but there is no doubt too that this delay has led to considerable disillusion and disappointment. The Synod was therefore important as a symbol of the determination or lack of it by the hierarchy to make the principles of Vatican II come alive.

It was for reasons like these that Father Edward Schillebeeckx, O.P., called the Synod "almost of the same importance as was Vatican Council II." The Synod was in a real sense a test of sincerity in applying the second Vatican Council, and its success or failure says much about the state of *aggiornamento* in the Church. Nonetheless, at the Synod's close it is impossible because of the secrecy to render a final verdict: one can only hope for the best and vigorously deplore the opportunity missed. JAMES O'GARA

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RÉGIS DEBRAY

Bourgeois critic of bourgeois Marxism

JORDAN BISHOP

Latin American Marxists have often been longer on words than action, and Régis Debray, the young French intellectual now on trial in Camiri, Bolivia, for allegedly taking part in guerrilla activity there, has turned a few thousand well-chosen words to a critique of Latin America's "revolutionary" politicos—excepting, of course, Fidel and those who see in him the source of a revolutionary Marxism with roots in Latin American soil. Unlike many Latin American Marxists, Debray is well aware of the cynicism of Latin Americans with respect to political leaders, even when the Latin Americans in question are the exploited poor and the politicians have Communist Party cards in their pockets. Action, according to Debray, speaks louder than words, and the words of Marxist orthodoxy have failed to reach the people. Revolutionary dogma, whether it be that of nineteenth century Europe, the Russia of 1917 or the Peking of the 1950's, has little to say to the Latin American situation today.

"Has it been noticed" writes Debray, "that almost none of these guerrilla movements have or ask for political commissars?" The party may well be the avant-garde of the revolutionary workers and *campesinos,* but the Marxist parties of the Latin American cities of today simply will not do. "In Cuba the party was not the guiding nucleus of the Popular Army, as Giap says referring to Vietnam, but rather the reverse; the Rebel Army was the guiding nucleus of the Party, its constituting nucleus. The first leaders of the Party came to light on July 26, 1953, in Moncada, and the Party is as old as the revolution. It approaches its fourteenth birthday."

In short, the middle-class or bourgeois intellectuals who constitute the backbone of the Marxist parties in the Latin American universities and in the urban centers simply will not do. Not for a real revolutionary movement in Latin America. And for M. Debray, there exists in Latin America a real revolutionary movement which is not only Marxist, but also authentically Latin American: that of Cuba. Much of "traditional" Marxist orthodoxy is dismissed as irrelevant in M. Debray's eloquent statement of the revolutionary Gospel according to Fidel. By many canons of traditional Marxism, Fidel himself is a self-confessed heretic; imported ideologies are not enough for him. New ones can be developed out of the revolutionary experience, but the first need is action.

There is no question here of a sort of Marxist version of the ideology of the "end of ideologies," or of a simple "military solution." Rather, Debray, himself a bourgeois intellectual, feels that bourgeois intellectuals can never gain the confidence of the oppressed masses of Latin America. There exists a profound lack of political consciousness, and acquaintance with politicians—whether of the left or the right—produces bitter cynicism rather than political conviction. The answer for Debray lies in the formation of the nucleus of a classless society in the mountains and jungles of the continent, in the hard life of the guerrillas where bourgeois leftists, fighting side by side with illiterate *campesinos* and workers, can rid themselves of the middle-class habits of the Latin American Marxist. This is not to say that M. Debray believes that the end result will be a classless society, but simply that the middle class habits of "revolutionary" leaders will not subsist in the bush.

Rather than depending on the sympathies of an exploited *campesinado,* as in Vietnam, the Havana guerrilla movement begins with the recognition of the fact

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that the *campesinado* is largely indifferent to politics, intimidated by the American-armed "forces of repression," and needs to be *shown* that revolution is a real possibility.

Imported Marxist slogans are not enough, and in his revolutionary *aggiornamento* M. Debray turns to the Latin American scene itself, today and in history, for a rationale of the mid-twentieth-century revolution. Today's Latin American revolutionary has as much to learn from Simon Bolívar and from the eighteenth-century uprising of Tupac Amaru as from the experience of Moscow or Peking. "One can learn a lot about war and about America reading a biography of Bolívar, including valuable lessons for the revolutionary wars of America today. The most important of all: tenacity. Expelled five times from American soil in four years, defeated, ridiculed and alone, five times he returned, with an obstinacy that made people think him mad, until his first victory in Boyacá." Bolívar's war took 15 years, and if one were to begin with the adventures of Miranda and the Tupac Amaru risings, the liberation of Latin America from Spain involved over 40 years of trouble and unrest. Debray's eloquent expression of the Cuban ideology gives every indication that today's Latin American revolutionaries are quite prepared for 40 or 50 years of revolutionary war, sporadic, mobile, apparently hopeless war. We have here something of the mystique expresstd in the Bolivian national anthem: "To die rather than live as slaves." By their analysis, a great portion of Latin Americans live as slaves, slaves of reactionary governments supported by the armed wealth of the United States. And the *guerrillero,* by definition, is a man who has accepted death. The mystique of M. Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* (Monthly Review Press) confirms the analysis of Carl Oglesby in *Containment and Change* (Macmillan): the revolutionary is a man who has nothing to lose.

Appeal to the Young

In addition to its roots in Latin American history, M. Debray's mystique has another important point of insertion in the Latin American reality: the appeal to the young, and Latin America has a young population. Middle-aged Marxist *cadres,* unable to support the trying conditions of war in the bush, must give way to young guerrilla leaders. Fidel assumed leadership of the Cuban movement of liberation while still in his '20s, and while M. Debray's model is largely that of Cuba, the kind of revolution he proposes demands youth because of the kind of thing it is, and not only in deference to a pattern established in Cuba. The hard line communists who, in traditional orthodoxy, must direct the revolutionary movement, could only do so from the cities where they are established, and according to M. Debray, this is the death of real revolution, a sort of disguised reformism. In areas where guerrilla action is a real possibility, not only the military but the political leadership of the revolution must be undertaken by the guerrillas themselves.

The criticism, inspired in part by panic, has been made that M. Debray's book is simply another importation to replace the less plausible importations from Moscow and Peking, and that the Cuban formula is as foreign to the Latin American continent today as are those from Europe and Asia. While there is some truth in the assertion, it overlooks the strongly pragmatic dialectic of M. Debray. He acknowledges explicitly that the Cuban experience was achieved "in conditions peculiar to Cuba," and in his attempt to provide some guidelines for future Latin American revolutionaries he appeals, among others, to Camilo Torres. "That an intellectual, especially if he is a bourgeois, speaks first of all in terms of strategy, is understandable. Unfortunately the only practicable route begins with tactical data to work towards the definition of a strategy. . . . First, one must begin small and move towards greater things. It is useless to attempt to move in the opposite direction. And that which is smallest is the *foco guerrillero*, the nucleus of the popular army, and this nucleus will not be created by a front. Rather the nucleus, as it develops, will itself create a popular revolutionary front."

Richard Gott, writing in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of last Sept. 28, sees a flaw in Debray's argument: "Lack of Communist Party support may well have actually won Fidel the revolution, for it disarmed and blinded the United States. In the perspective of history, the communists were surely right not to jump on the bandwagon prematurely. Today the situation is more difficult for, as Debray dryly remarks, 'the Marines shoot at anything that moves, regardless of party affiliation.' " In other words, the power of the United States is not only opposed today to communist revolution, it is opposed to any and all real revolutions. The situation in Vietnam, and nearer home, the promptness with which measures of economic reprisal were levied against Cuba are sufficient indicators of Washington's attachment to the *status quo*. There is, of course, much talk of "development," but there are certain conditions to this development. Apparently it demands the type of stable, rightist government currently supported by the United States in most of Latin America. Cuba's revolution, of course, "cannot work," and the basic impracticality of the Cuban revolution must be demonstrated by blockade, and if necessary by force of arms.

Régis Debray's work, of course, rests on certain presuppositions. The first, that a real revolution, leading to some sort of socialism as yet undefined and a liberation from the North American colonial empire, is an evident necessity, is shared by many Catholics, Communists and bourgeois nationalists. The consensus on this is shared by such diverse elements as Fidel Castro, the young Christian Democrats, and men like Juan José Arévalo. And, some would contend, by the Paul VI of *Populorum*

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Progressio. The second, that this can only be achieved by a long and tenacious revolutionary war, is regarded with some horror and misgiving by many Christians, even as some of them reluctantly come to the conclusion that this second contention is also true. Camilo Torres is perhaps the best-known example of this back-to-the-wall revolutionary commitment. This conviction is, of course, the point of departure for M. Debray's book, and it is the book, rather than the author's French nationality, that makes him the *vedette* among the defendants in the Camiri guerrilla trial.

Reading *Revolution in the Revolution?* one can understand the fact that the book alone is the star witness against the author. On the basis of the book, Debray was convicted by sectors of the press long before the trial began. Paradoxically, it also serves to support the author's basic contention that he was not actively engaged in guerrilla activity in the bush of southeastern Bolivia. The revolutionary war, as described by Debray, is no game for bourgeois tourists. And Debray, by his own admission, is a bourgeois tourist, an intellectual doubling as journalist in search of the scoop of the year in revolutionary journalism: an interview in the field with Che Guevara, since killed by government forces. The prospect attracted other journalists, such as George Roth, since released by Bolivian authorities, but it must be admitted that few bourgeois journalists could go in with the credentials of Régis Debray—proven sympathy with the revolution and a book published which in all probability has earned him 30 years in a Bolivian jail.

Since the beginnings of guerrilla activity in Bolivia correspond fairly well with the ideas found in the book, the accusation that Debray is the "intellectual author" of the crimes committed by the "National Revolutionary Army" makes considerable sense, although it is rather hard to fit this into the juridical categories of the nineteenth-century liberal tradition. Also, of course, the book is a defense and elucidation of a strategy supposedly evolved, in a pragmatic way, by the Cuban revolution. The "intellectual author" of the Nancahuazu guerrillas could as well be Fidel Castro himself! But of course they haven't captured Fidel.

Is Debray guilty? While an attempt is being made to prove that he took an active part in the guerrilla warfare, he declines to admit what for him would be an honor. The bitter attacks made on him by some local papers are evidently based on the book. Photos showing him surrounded by affable guerrillas indicate only what we already know: that if he was in the bush as an observer, he was a sympathetic observer, accepted by the troops as sympathetic war correspondents usually are.

On the other hand, the book, were it taken seriously by many Latin Americans, is undoubtedly a dangerous book from the point of view of the United States and of most Latin American governments. It proclaims in effect that those who are conscious of the need for a real revolution should not be intimidated by the immense power of the United States and governments whose "forces of repression" are armed and trained by the United States. Taken together with other documents coming from Havana, it constitutes a polyvalent declaration of independence. If a good number of people start thinking this way —and their number is certainly on the increase—it can very well mean 40 or 50 years of organized unrest, not in terms of "other Vietnams," but rather in terms of Latin American movements which could deprive the United States of markets and a zone of influence far more important than Vietnam. Sympathy for the long-term goals of such movements is in the air one breathes in Latin America, although it is easy to miss this if one moves in the "right" circles.

The impact has already been felt in Bolivia. According to recent press reports, tin production has already fallen short of the goal set for 1967 due to diversion of funds from new equipment to the purchase of arms. Rumors, probably unfounded, set the number of U.S. "advisers" at 150. The government admits the presence of 14 American specialists in anti-guerrilla warfare, and the Hercules transport, once a rarity in these parts, is now a familiar sight.

Foreign intervention in favor of Régis Debray has served mainly to sharpen Bolivian sensibilities, already acute in the face of leftist exaggerations to the effect that basic policies are fashioned in Washington rather than in La Paz. Ireneo Guimaraes, *Agence France Presse* correspondent covering the events in Camiri, was recently expelled from Camiri for writing that the armored truck in which the prisoners were transported was decorated with an "Alliance for Progress" sign. Referring to the incident, President René Barrientos declared to the press: "Do not believe that this is a false act directed against a journalist. If he distorts the truth, the least we can do is defend ourselves. Here in Bolivia no one dominates us and no one helps us: we bear our poverty with dignity." This is not, of course, to be construed as a renunciation of U.S. aid.

At this writing, the conviction of Régis Debray seems to be a foregone conclusion; writing books, it seems, can still commit one to something.

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CAROLE SCHLADER

WHO SOWS IN JOY

I thought to sing a new praise
And plant a new seed to grow
And bring You all the good things
You had made.
But when the harvest, and came
The reaper, raw, rough, and lame, plow
Deep within turned no song to sing,
No fruit to bring,
And no one left to blame.

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Reflections on the final solution

THE NON-LATIN MASS

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

In January of this year my sister died, age 49, eldest of ten children, and mother of ten children, the lot of us catapulted into a dumb grief whence we sought relief by many means, principal among them the conviction, now reified by desire, that our separation from her is impermanent. It was the moment to recall not merely the promises of Christ, but their magical cogency; the moment to remind ourselves as forcefully as we knew how of the depths of the Christian experience, of the Christian mystery, so that when one of us communicated with her priest, we asked if he would consent to a funeral Mass in the manner of the days gone by, which request he gladly granted. And so on Jan. 18, in the sub-zero weather of a little town in northwestern Connecticut, in the ugly little church we all grew up in, the priest recited the Mass of the Dead, and the organist accompanied the soloist who sang the Gregorian dirge in words the mourners did not clearly discern, words which had we discerned them we would not have been able exactly to translate, and yet we experienced, not only her family but her friends, not alone the Catholics among us but also the Protestants and the Jews, something akin to that synaesthesia which nowadays most spiritually restless folk find it necessary to discover in drugs, or from a guru in Mysterious India.

Six months later my sister's oldest daugher—the first of the grandchildren—was married. With some hesitation (one must not be overbearing) her father asked the same priest (of noble mien and great heart) whether this happy ritual might also be performed in the Latin. He replied with understanding and grace that that would not be possible, inasmuch as he would be performing on this occasion not in a remote corner of Connecticut, but in West Hartford, practically within the earshot of the bishop. We felt very wicked at having attempted anything so audacious within the walls of the episcopacy; and so the wedding took place according to the current cant, with everybody popping up, and kneeling down, and responding, more or less, to the stream of objurgations that issued from the nervous and tone-deaf young commentator, all together now, Who Do We Appreciate? Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Je-*zus*—it was awful. My beloved wife—to whom I have been beholden for 17 years, and who has borne with me through countless weddings of my countless relations, who was with me and clutched my hand during the funeral a few months earlier, whom I had not invited to my church since the vulgarizations of 1964, so anxious was I that, as a member of the Anglican communion, she should continue to remember our services as she had known them, in their inscrutable majesty—turned to me early in the ritual in utter incredulity, wondering whether something was especially awry. Hypersensitive, I rebuked her, muttering something to the effect that she had no right to be so ignorant of what had been going on for three years; and she withdrew in anger. She was right, I was utterly wrong. How could she, an innocent Protestant, begin to conceive of the liturgical disfigurations of the past few years? My own reaction was the protective reaction of the son whose father, the chronic drunkard, is first espied unsteady on his feet by someone from whom one has greatly cared to conceal the fact. Let it be objected that the essential fact of the matter is that the sacrament of matrimony was duly conferred, and what else is it that matters? My sensibilities, that's what.

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The Bentham Barometer

They do not matter, of course, in any Benthamite reckoning of the success of the new liturgy. Concerning this point, I yield completely, or rather almost completely. It is absolutely right that the vernacular should displace the Latin if by doing so the rituals of Catholic Christianity bring a greater satisfaction to the laity, and a deeper comprehension of their religion. There oughtn't to be any argument on this point, and there certainly isn't any from me—though I cherish the bodkin Sir Arnold Lunn so deftly inserted in the soft-tissues of that argument: "If it is so," he said, arguing along with Evelyn Waugh and others for one (1) Latin Mass each Sunday in the larger churches, "that the Latin Mass is only for the educated few, surely Mother Church in all her charity can find a little place *even* for the educated few?" Indeed when a most learned and attractive young priest from my own parish asked me to serve as a lector in the new Mass I acquiesced, read all the relevant literature and, to be sure warily, hoped that something was about to unfold before me which would vindicate the progressives.

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I hung on doggedly for three years, until a month ago when I wrote my pastor that I no longer thought it appropriate regularly to serve as lector. During those three years I observed the evolution of the new Mass, and the reaction to it of the congregation (the largest, by the way, in Connecticut). The church holds 1,000 people and, at first, four hymns were prescribed. They were subsequently reduced to three, even as, in the course of the experiment, the commentator absorbed the duties of the lector, or vice versa, depending on whether you are the ex-commentator or the ex-lector. At our church three years ago perhaps a dozen people out of 1,000 sang the hymn. Now perhaps three dozen out of 1,000 sing the hymn. (It is not much different with the prayers.) That is atypical, to be sure—the church is large, and overawing to the uncertain group singer, i.e., to most non-Protestant Americans. In other Catholic churches, I have noted, the congregations tend to join a little bit more firmly in the song. In none that I have been to is there anything like the joyous unison that the bards of the new liturgy thrummed about in the anticipatory literature, the only exception being the highly regimented school my son attends, at which the reverend headmaster has means to induce cooperation in whatever enterprise strikes his fancy. (I have noticed that my son does not join in the hymn-singing when he is home, though the reason why is not necessarily indifference, is almost surely not recalcitrance, is most likely a realistic appreciation of his inability to contribute to the musical story-line.)

I must, of course, judge primarily on the basis of my own experience, but it is conclusive at my own church, and I venture to say without fear of contradiction that the joint singing and prayers are a fiasco, which is all right I suppose—the Christian martyrs endured worse exasperations and profited more from them than we endure from or are likely to benefit from the singing of the hymns at St. Mary's Church. What is troublesome is the difficulty one has in dogging one's own spiritual pursuits in the random cacophony. Really, the new liturgists should have offered training in yogi, or whatever else Mother Church in her resourcefulness might baptize as a distinctively Catholic means by which we might tune off the fascistic static of the contemporary Mass, during which one is either attempting to sing, totally neglecting the prayers at the foot of the altar which suddenly we are told are irrelevant; or attempting to read the missal at one's own syncopated pace, which we must now do athwart the obtrusive rhythm of the priest or the commentator; or attempting to meditate on this or the other prayer or sentiment or analysis in the Ordinary or in the Proper of the Mass, only to find that such meditation is sheer outlawry which stands in the way of the liturgical calisthenics devised by the Central Coach who apparently judges it an act of neglect if the churchgoer is permitted more than two minutes and 46 seconds without being made to stand if he was kneeling, or kneel if he was standing, or sit—or sing—or chant—or *anything* if perchance he was praying, from which anarchism he must at all costs be rescued: "LET US NOW RECITE THE INTROIT PRAYER," says the commentator: to which exhortation I find myself aching to reply in that "loud and clear and reverential voice" the manual for lectors prescribes: "LET US NOT!" Must we say the Introit Prayer together? I have been reading the Introit Prayer since I was 13-years-old, and I continue unaware that I missed something; e.g., at the Jesuit school in England when at daily Mass we read the Introit prayers all by our little selves beginning it perhaps as much as five seconds before, or five seconds after, the priest who, enjoying the privacy granted him at Trent, pursued his prayers, in his own way, at his own speed, ungoverned by the metronomic discipline of the parishioners or of the commentator.

Ah, but now the parish *understands* the Introit Prayer! But, my beloved friends, the parish does not understand. Neither does the commentator. Neither does the lector. Neither, if you want the truth of the matter, does the priest—in most cases. If clarity is the purpose of the liturgical reform—the reason for going into English, the reason for going into the vernacular—then the reforms of the liturgy are simply incomplete. If clarity is the desideratum, or however you say the word in English, then the thing to do is to jettison, just to begin with, most of St. Paul, whose epistles are in some respects inscrutable to some of the people some of the time, and in most respects inscrutable to most of the people most of the time. The translation of them from archaic grandeur to John-Jane-Gyp contemporese simply doesn't do the trick, particularly if one is expected to go in unison. Those prayers, which are not exacting or recondite, are even they more galvanizing when spoken in unison? LET US NOW RECITE THE INTROIT PRAYER. *Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy; deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.* Judge-me-O-God/And-distinguish-my-cause-from-the-nation-that-is-not-holy/Deliver-me-from-the-unjust-and-deceitful-man/—Why? How come? Whose idea?—that such words as these are better spoken, better understood, better appreciated, when rendered metrically in forced marches with the congregation? Who, thinking to read these holy and inspired words reverentially, would submit to the iron rhythm of a joint reading? It is one thing to chant together a refrain, Lord deliver us/Lord save us/Grant us peace. But the extended prayer-in-unison is a metallic Proscrusteanism which absolutely defies the rationale of the whole business, which is the communication of *meaning*. The rote-saying of anything is the enemy of understanding. To reduce to unison prayers whose meaning is unfamiliar is virtually to guarantee that they will mean nothing to the sayer. "*Brethren: Everything that was written in times past was written for our instruction, that through the patience and encouragement afforded by the scriptures we might have hope. I say that Christ exercised*

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his ministry to the circumcised to show God's fidelity in fulfilling his promises to the fathers, whereas the Gentiles glorify God for his mercy, as it is written: 'Therefore will I proclaim you among the nations, and I will sing praise to your name.'" These were the words with which I first accosted my fellow parishioners from the lector's pulpit. I do not even now understand them well enough to explain them with any confidence. And yet, the instruction manual informs me, I am to communicate their meaning "clearly" and "confidently." And together the congregation will repeat such sentences in the Gradual.

Our beloved Mother Church. How sadly; how innocently; how—sometimes—strangely she is sometimes directed by her devoted disciples. *Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with you . . .* The Lord is with who! *Thee to you, Buster,* I found myself thinking during the retreat when first I learned that it is a part of the current edification to strip the Lord, his Mother, and the saints, of the honorific with which the simple Quakers even now address their children and their servants. And the translations! *Happy the Humble-they shall inherit. . .* One cannot read on without the same sense of outrage one would feel on entering the Cathedral of Chartres and finding that the windows had been replaced with pop-art figures of Christ sitting-in against the slumlords of Milwaukee. One's heart is filled with such passions of resentment and odium as only Hilaire Belloc could adequately have voiced. O God O God O God, why has thou forsaken us! My faith, I note on their taking from us even the Canon of the Mass in that mysterious universal which soothed and inspired the low and the mighty, a part of the Mass—as Evelyn Waugh recalled—"for whose restoration the Elizabethan martyrs had gone to the scaffold [in which] St. Augustine, St. Thomas à Becket, St. Thomas More, Challoner and Newman would have been perfectly at their ease among us," is secure. I pray the sacrifice will yield a rich harvest of informed Christians. But to suppose that it will is the most difficult act of faith I have ever been called upon to make, because it tears against the perceptions of all my senses. My faith is a congeries of dogmatical certitudes, one of which is that the new liturgy is the triumph, yea the Resurrection, of the Philistines.

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SISTER M. STANISLAUS, I.H.M.

THROUGH THE MELLOWING

I could pluck fruit for you,
and it would be delicious.
And you could pluck
delicious fruit for me.
But let us watch together
through the mellowing,
and give the laden tree.

'OF PUREST RAY SERENE'

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THE SCREEN

Perhaps it's good for us, in these days when we're having a plethora of new New Wave films, and films about motorcycle gangs, hippies and other errant youth, and far-out movies that always make the Festival scene, to be presented with a good, old-fashioned picture with a slow-moving plot and beautiful color photography of some lovely scenery. Such a picture is producer Joseph Janni's "Far From the Madding Crowd." Based on Thomas Hardy's novel, which appeared in 1874, and set in England in the 1860s, this handsome, almost three-hour movie is indeed far from the busy, bustling city with its fast-running, "madding" crowds; but the picture is also a microcosm, a little world with a universal story that could be filmed in a different way and on a big scale in the world of today. And if at times its themes and plot seem somewhat old-hat and soap opera-ish, it is because they have turned up many times since the beginning of movies—but they have never been done better.

In his screenplay, Frederic Raphael has followed the Hardy novel closely, perhaps too closely, as it tells the story of flirtatious Bathsheba Everdene and the three men in her life: the good, solid, almost stolid farmer Gabriel Oak, the well-to-do, beyond-middle-age landowner William Boldwood, and the fickle, dashing sergeant Francis Troy. What happens as the self-centered, determined girl chooses Troy after a whirlwind courtship and soon realizes her mistake is interesting enough, although not always believable, especially while the other two men continue to wait patiently or impatiently for their turn. Director John Schlesinger has handled these four leads well, especially the men, all of whom are fine: Alan Bates as the hard-working farmer who meets bad times and good times as they come and knows he'll survive, Peter Finch as the older, wealthy landowner whose love for Bathsheba drives him batty, and Terence Stamp as the sexy, scarlet-coated sergeant who doesn't take his women very seriously and actually destroys poor, forlorn Fanny Robin. While Julie Christie looks right as Bathsheba, she is not yet an experienced-enough actress to play the difficult role that runs the gamut from capricious to tragic. I don't know who should have been cast in this part, perhaps Anne Bancroft or certainly years ago Bette Davis could have handled it. The supporting cast are excellent, especially Prunella Ransome as the ill-fated Fanny and Fiona Walker as Liddy who tries without much success to keep Bathsheba in line. And in a series of minor roles, the many players and citizens of Dorset, where most of the film was made, look absolutely right as inhabitants of Hardy's Wessex.

Although the film lags at times and seems to move as slowly as that ploughman who homeward plods his weary

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way (according to Gray's "Elegy" which also gave the novel and film its title), it is by no means dull. Nick Roeg's photography is exquisite and almost becomes the reason for the film's being. It has caught the look and feel of Hardy's Wessex and is a joy to behold in scene after scene. It'll be interesting to see how young people will respond to this old-fashioned movie. Oldsters will no doubt revel in its absorbing story and photography that mingles nature and people in a series of pictures that are memorable. At times "Far From the Madding Crowd" reminded me of "Doctor Zhivago," not for story but for magnificent use of scenery and photography. In any case, I hope youngsters, as well as oldsters, go to this bucolic movie as they've been going in droves to "Zhivago." They'll miss a treat if they don't.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

VIOLENT ROMANTICISM

ETC.

The romantic banditry of "Bonnie and Clyde" has aroused the most controversy among movie critics since Antonioni's "Blow Up." Possibly even more is in store when the ramifications of its cinematic qualities shift the sensibilities of moviegoers and affect the style of new productions.

The terms of the discussion were thus: was it a glorification of sub-machine guns or a piercing commentary on violence monopolized by legitimate authority? A Ma and Pa Kettle or a defense of prairie plebians, done with magnificent movie-making skill?

Thus far, the entire consideration of "Bonnie and Clyde" has focused upon the form rather than the content of the film, which is understandable: "Bonnie and Clyde" contains some of the purest camera work ever presented to the mass public and renders an allegory on the deeds to which young discontents were driven during the '30s. On the surface, "Bonnie and Clyde" simply collapses together a series of familiar motifs from modern American folk culture. Unified by the saga of good-hearted thieves, there is the romance of the motor car; "grapes of wrath" vignettes about the people of the dust bowl; the slick country boy pitted against the organization men of the police force; the power of money and its allure to those who have not.

However, the best indicators of the novel perspective of "Bonnie and Clyde" come from three little-noticed facts which set it apart from the usual film-craft and social comment fare. First, all the violence in the picture is committed by whites against other whites. In terms of the anti-napalm literature, which I describe as "atrocity as pornography," the story could not be approved by Bertrand Russell and Felix Greene. Their present world-view does not encompass the notion of non-ideological, a-political violence, especially if not genocidal. And it is unlikely that SDS or SNCC members will identify with the purely personal struggles and motives of the Barrows *and* their reluctant pursuers, lower middle class cops who don't wear fascist insignia.

In turn, the impersonal forces which bring about the climate of "hard times" have no visible symbols. There are no plutocrats, no *haute bourgeoisie,* not even any big landowners. The script could not have been written by some latter-day Dos Passos or Mencken, hardly by Carl Oglesby or Staughton Lynd. (Perhaps by a Texas Farrell or O'Neill, if such could exist.)

This is because "Bonnie and Clyde" is more contemporary than a period piece. Bonnie and Clyde as played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway are closer to "the beautiful people" than "just plain folks." As an urbane co-ed in the audience exclaimed while Clyde/Beatty ("no lover boy") wrestles with his sexual hang-ups: "But, it's a shame . . . he's so beautiful." Yet there are none of the psychoanalytical overtones and obscure symbolisms that the new cinema stocks and trades upon. This is what makes "Bonnie and Clyde" at once refreshing and direct.

It represents a total departure from the old Hollywood approach. "Bonnie and Clyde" could not accommodate either the gangster stars like Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger or the good Negro hero Sidney Poitier plays. The interracial instances are too frank to suffer from official liberalism. A dispossessed sharecropper borrows Clyde's gun and peppers the "Midloathian Citizen's Bank" foreclosure sign; he directs his hired hand, black "Davis" to fire the final shot; then Clyde grins: "We rob banks." As the unobtrusive, strangely inoffensive plot unfolds, stick-ups for Bonnie and Clyde become "doing their thing" because they are the only thing they can conceive of doing. As portrayed, Clyde "never saw the percentage" in love-making and marriage and Bonnie's West Dallas *bovarysme* revolts against his erotic deficiencies: "your advertisement's dandy" but "you haven't got a thing to sell." But the desire to leave the backwater community gets the better of her and she joins him in a cross-country life of crime.

The Barrow Gang have none of the well-heeled efficiency of the Capones or the Morans. At one point, Clyde is thwarted by a hapless teller whose bank failed three weeks before. Throughout, the fantastic five encounter frustrations as reporters miscredit them with a wave of misdeeds, as they are hounded by "the laws," and as they divide meager gains from small-town savings and loans.

If there is an evil force, it is the murder of proportion occasioned by publicity. Eventually, a fascination with their own growing legend doubles back on them. Their pursuer, Texas Ranger Hamer, seeks to revenge an embarrassment caused him by the gang. They had captured him, used his own handcuffs on him, took pictures of him with them in friendly poses, and sent it to the newspapers. Later, two minor characters, brother Buck's wife Blanche and the hayseed father of driver C. W. Moss, cause the

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demise of Bonnie and Clyde. Their betrayal is the result of pressures created by hot print which were too much for minor characters to handle.

Bonnie and Clyde learn that you can't make love until you stop fighting the war. In their last refuge, they connect "just perfect" in an idyllic, pastoral scene. But peace is not declared and the law enforcement warriors set a roadside trap for them. This ending is foreshadowed by Bonnie's poetry, printed on page one by the papers. Bonnie and Clyde talk with a twang but they bespeak Beatlese.

The tragedy of Bonnie and Clyde is not that they were riddled with bullets and immortalized on film. Their fatal handicap is neither poverty nor celebrity. Less are they executioners and victims of America's propensity to violence. The bloody killings are incidental to the games of robbers and chasers. Rather, striving for fame and fortune, Bonnie and Clyde are too colorful trespassers against their background.

The violence within the movie is confined to members of one class, divided against itself. As long as the gang makes things uncomfortable for the bankers, the agrarian underclass are their great admirers. When association with Bonnie and Clyde threatens their safe anonymity, the plain folks aren't about to tempt fate. (One Oakie sod-buster put it: "they done right by me" and nobly will he bear "a mess of flowers" to their funeral.) Class solidarity is a tenuous and temporary by-product of common distress and a liking for FDR, Eddie Cantor and Dr. Pepper.

High-brow critics like Bosley Crowther, who claim "Bonnie and Clyde" encourages indulgence of hooliganism and porno-violence, miss the mark. The Barrow Gang could not play Robin Hoods, prairie insurgents or mass culture idols. In the cinema and in reality, all the cues are called by the police and the press.

What we do have is a moral terrorism at a distance, conducted by the written word and the film festival. Mr. Crowther places "Bonnie and Clyde" in digestible form, fit for Sunday breakfast banter. And, as Margot Hentoff observes in *The Village Voice* of the spectators at "The Battle of Algiers": "It sometimes seems as if we are so secure in that awareness that our minority oppressed will never take anything of ours that we can afford to play any role we choose, cheer at a film of blood and anguish as if it were 'Bonnie and Clyde' in revolutionary dress, feel righteously on the side of right, and then go on to the New York State Theatre to drink champagne and dance."

The same boisterous banality was expressed by another reviewer who complained that Wyndham Lewis' blasé attitude toward militarism in *Blasting and Bombardiering* smacked of artistic gore. When the artists and the inarticulates, the Bonnies and the Clydes of the world, go blasting and bombardiering, the categorists just can't approve. From each according to his terminology; to each according to his dialectics.

It remains to see how they will criticize The Assassination of Che Guevara by the Bolivian Indians. JOHN QUIRK

'WHO'S ON FIRST?'

THE STAGE

Any play that comes to us transatlantically trumpeted as does "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" has, as it were, two sennets against it. We would not be so hungry for masterpieces if we only had decently sustaining fare; we would not be so grasping if incessant grasping at straws had not made us so. I may have expected or demanded too much from Tom Stoppard's play; in any case, it left part of me starved and part of me unpleasantly sated.

The play concerns R and G, those two minor characters from Shakespeare's "H," and interweaves what happens to them before and behind the action of "Hamlet" with the bits of that play in which they actually participate. Thus the main part of Mr. Stoppard's work shows R and G playing waiting games: games with coins, games with the itinerant actors on their way to Elsinore, and, above all, games with words. For Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are just as obsessed with words as their great antagonist Hamlet; only whereas he can turn them into sublime poetry, they make of them a kind of subliminal prose. They are so overcome by the sense of their marginal existence that their entire protracted dialogue is a long tuning up of instruments: squeaky, scratchy, now and then shot through with shreds of poignant melody. Yet when these two peripheral woodwinds actually play—when they enter the stage of "Hamlet"—they contribute but a few small, semi-submerged sounds to the mighty symphony. Willingly R and G embrace their deaths, as relief from their insignificance.

The play juggles a number of concentric ambiguities. No one, not even R and G, can be quite sure about which of them is which: one is smarter, but not always; one more impotent, but not consistently so. Perhaps they are two aspects of the same half man. Again, in a sense, they are people caught up in a chain of events; in another sense, characters enmeshed in the scenes of a play—or two plays, Stoppard's and Shakespeare's. This naturally leads to speculations about what is life (or reality) and what art (or illusion), the latter concern emphasized by the presence of the strolling players, who seem to be both male whores, lower than ordinary life, and prophets or swayers of the future (life imitates art), and thus above the natural order, higher than ordinary life. The master ambiguity of all, however, is inherent in words themselves: in their vagueness and elusiveness, their *double* and multiple *entendres*. R and G swim in them, splash each other with them, choke on and finally drown in them. Their names need not be writ in water; words will dissolve them as handily.

Although the idea of the play is magnificent, Mr. Stop-

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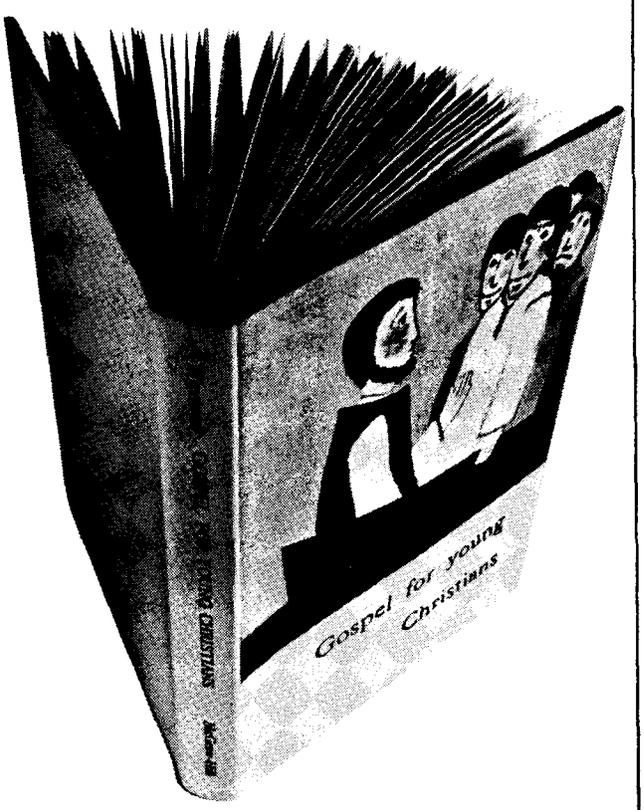

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330 West 42nd Street, New York 10036

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Southwarci die 10a Octobris 1964.
H. GIBNEY, *Vic. Gen.*

pard runs into difficulties. On a BBC program he has, I am told, admitted—honestly and honorably—that he is not a man for characters and plots, but for dialogue; moreover, he feels more at ease with one-act plays than with full-length ones. One proposition follows from the other: a brilliant idea and the gift of words will last you one act, maybe two; for the full distance you need people and story as motor and vehicle. Furthermore, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" is like the Grand Central Station of modern drama. The Giraudoux Express (somewhat overdue) is just pulling in from the realm of playful metaphysics when the traveling actors arrive on the Pirandello Special. These are followed by immediate departures of the Beckett Streamliner on the Upper Level and the Pinter Local on the Lower. Through all these weaves the Shakespeare Shuttle, and there pops up occasionally an unscheduled trolley from Beyond the Fringe. Or, if I may change tropes, long stretches of dialogue sound like Abbott and Costello's notorious "Who's on First?" rewritten by Beckett and Pinter.

By exactly the middle of the play, Stoppard has used up all his fulgurating devices; from there on in it is reprises, marking time, the repeated reweaving of Penelope's constantly unraveled garment. And all this without ever making—as Beckett almost always, and Ionesco at his best will make—a comment, however implicit, on life. There is rather, as in Pinter, no view here; the view may even be that there is and can be no view, but that, I suspect, does not justify all the fuss.

Mr. Stoppard is greatly abetted by Derek Goldby's expert staging, and by two principal actors of whom John Wood—though he belabors each syllable as if it were chewing gum, if not, indeed, gum arabic—is deftly cranky; and Brian Murray, an actor I have previously disliked, superlative as an existential jack-in-the-box. But both actors are hampered by the playwright's inconsistent use of them as counters: now halfwits, now too clever by half. (This, too, can of course be rationalized as part of that inconsistency and interchangeability that make up the paltriness and shiftiness of human insects; but even if the device is conscious, it should not lull one into unconsciousness.) The itinerant mimes are acceptably handled, but for the rest, the play is sicklied o'er by the pale cast. The Hamlet and Ophelia, though, are not just pale; they are offensively, unforgivably bad. These major characters are, after all, supposed to be the mighty opposites between whose fell incenséd points our poor shrimps perish; if they are themselves only cardboard shadow-boxers, everything drifts away.

But, even at best, Mr. Stoppard's ingenious, witty, provocative charade seems to me less a play than a play on words. *(At the Alvin)*

JOHN SIMON

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COMMONWEAL PAPERS II: JESUS

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From "The Truthful Harp" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston)

Children's Books

HOMAGE TO MAY MASSEE

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

La Ferte Macé, an old Norman village. In the heat of a summer afternoon I sat at a café terrace, remembering May Massee, editor of American children's books. With only a few others (the late Anne Carroll Moore and Fred Melcher and Louise Seaman and Anne Eaton), May Massee was largely responsible for the spectacular development of children's literature during the last 40 years.

Her name derives from Macé, a Norman ancestor who, she told me, was believed to have followed William the Conqueror to England, never to return to *douce France*. His descendants migrated farther west, to America. However, some thousand years after William the Conqueror, a Macé, become Massee, had kept in her heart a special warm spot for France, for Normandy and for the presumed village of her ancestor, a village she had never seen but which she hoped to visit some day.

Could it be from this far distant French ancestor that May Massee inherited her devotion to *la belle ouvrage*, careful craftsmanship, whether in writing, illustrating or in the physical make-up of a book? Having familiarized herself thoroughly with all the modern techniques of book-making, she brought to the publishing of children's books a drive toward perfection which imparted beauty and nobility to her publishing ventures, first at Doubleday and later at Viking.

From childhood May had a passion for reading and a desire to share its delights with others. For a little while she taught school, but her true vocation lay in bringing together books and children. That she succeeded brilliantly in doing so for more than 30 years, the Viking Juvenile list bears eloquent evidence.

May handled each book, pictures and text, separately, giving it her undivided attention. There was no collective frame, no series in May Massee's planning. Each work received the special, unique treatment which fitted its creator's work best. She searched for the delicate relationship between a manuscript and its presentation as a book, striving to achieve their unity. Her approach to publishing was painstaking, and seemed all the more remarkable as time went on and children's books became merely a profitable market to many. Through thick and

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP *is well-known as an author of children's books. Among them are: Bernard and his Dogs, Christopher and the Giant, the Ferryman, Five Chinese Brothers, Martin dePorres, Lafayette: French-American Hero, A Present from Petros, and Yeshu, Called Jesus.*

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thin May clung to her vision of reading as an art and of children as the most deserving audience.

Publishing in general, whether for adults or children, requires the ability to pass judgment on the value of a manuscript as well as to anticipate the public's response to it; in the case of a Juvenile editor, this includes parents as well as children. In the United States today, however, the initial sale of a book depends largely upon librarians who are the real mediators between children and books. They are the ones who select and buy the books that appear on the open shelves, from which children make their choices. Parents' influence seems to be on the wane; children pay more attention to their peers' recommendation and this contributes largely to a book's popularity. May Massee's titles, still on selling lists several decades after their first printing, speak of her success with young readers, while ample proof of the librarians' recognition lies in the numerous Newberry and Caldecott medals bestowed on Viking books.

Of course, this national recognition was gratifying to May, but it never obfuscated her critical mind. She freely expressed her indignation when prize committees passed over the works of authors she thought deserving, even if they were not on her list—authors like Caroline Snedeker and Laura Wilder, for example. May could be blunt. Some people remember her gentleness; to me, her stubborn determination and forceful will stand out. She knew clearly what she wanted and pressed forward to accomplish it. Her strong personality had an element of quiet ruthlessness, which might have played havoc in her life had it not been wholly channeled for the benefit of children.

Having been illuminated early in her life by the "word" and its power on children, May Massee began to look for those writers, artists and poets who, though adults, were still somehow in touch with the children's world, its faculty of wonder, spontaneity before enchantment, insatiable curiosity, quick appraisal of sincerity, uncompromising revolt against injustice, passionate yearning for freedom. In May Massee we found the hall of resonance we needed. Our great luck was precisely that May loved poetry. Early in her career, right after World War I, she had written many articles on poetry, its value and its importance in time of stress. Therefore she was always able to catch the fleeting glimpse of light an author had perceived and was trying to convey through words or pictures, no matter how inadequate his first attempts at expressing it. Many are the authors who pay her tribute, not only because she welcomed them or even discovered them, but also because they made the discovery of themselves through her. It was a great gift, this ability to detect what was there in the creator, sometimes even before he clearly recognized it himself. Carl Sandburg has said: "It was May Massee who inoculated me with her own enthusiasm for these fresh expressions of American life then existing only in a manuscript which might prove a publisher's risk."

Some may say that Miss Massee was primarily an astute businesswoman. She was, but with good reason. That she could sense a commercial success does not negate the fact that her Juvenile department never made money by lowering standards; on the contrary, it raised them. Whenever I signed a contract with May, my feeling of elation had nothing to do with finances, although writing was my livelihood. What she conveyed by her whole attitude was that I had done something worthwhile, that my small work was important, not only for the children in the United States or abroad, but in an absolute sense, as a contribution to mankind's evolution. She made me feel that I had achieved some lasting values of goodness and beauty. This faculty she had of reconciling an author with himself was for me always a moving experience.

That she could vibrate so spontaneously to the creator's work as to decide at once on its publishing value while rejoicing unreservedly at the accomplishment, remains among my most endearing memories of May. The soundness of her judgment went hand in hand with a freshness of response which sometimes expressed itself in unexpected, delightful ways. For example, Elizabeth Minot Graves tells of the time when Robert McCloskey brought her his *One Morning in Maine*. Her enthusiasm was such that she immediately gathered all her staff and took them for an hour's taxi ride, in the middle of the day, through New York's spring-adorned Central Park. She was endowed with the gift of celebration as well as of bright enthusiasm for a creator's work. I recall the late winter afternoon when I took her the manuscript of *Pancakes-Paris*, which she did not know I had written and insisted on reading at once. While she read, I waited in a nearby office. Time trickled slowly, lights went off, employees began to leave and I sat there steeling myself against the urge to leave—a mailed rejection slip is easier to face than an editor's personal "no." But suddenly, May burst in, her face radiant, the manuscript in one hand and in the other a contract to be signed "at once." She was able, if I may be allowed a familiar expression, to make one feel "like a million dollars."

We never saw a million dollars, of course, but something more lasting was, and still is, our portion—hundreds of children voicing their approval of our works. May took a deep interest in the children's letters that her authors received from the country's remotest corners, and, as time went on, in those written by the children's children, thus proving her choice's long-range excellence. The late Thomas Sugrue, whom May appreciated fully since her interests were wide and not confined to children's literature, once wrote, "There is a river that neither adulthood nor death can stop from flowing." May died, young at 80, leaving a rich harvest of children's books, first in America, then in other countries where a number of her authors have been translated, including France, birthplace of her remote Macé ancestor. And for many years to come, May Massee's influence will keep on watering and nourishing many a shore of the children's world.

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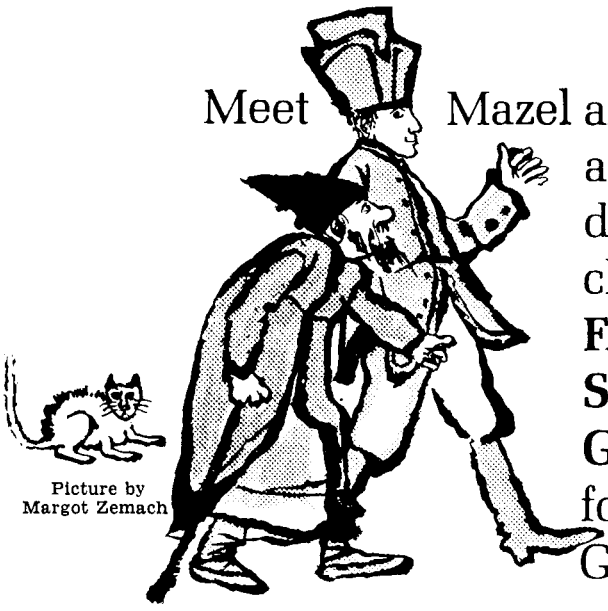

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A Selected List of Children's Books

MARY LOUISE BIRMINGHAM

BIBLE

Bible for Young Christians: The New Testament. By A. M. Cocagnac and Rosemary Haughton. Ill. by Jacques Lescanff. Macmillan. $4.95. *People of the Bible.* By Cecil Northcott. Ill. by Denis Wrigley. Westminster. $4.95.

The first book is a worthy companion to last year's illustrated retelling of the Old Testament, produced by the same competent team. The second complements its scholarly author's *Bible Encyclopedia for Children.* Northcott's intention is less ambitious and more successfully realized than that of Cocagnac-Haughton, although his book is not nearly so well-written. His is broader in scope, encompassing both Testaments in one volume. It is also more frankly a reference source and story book, less a tempting substitute for raw Scripture. The Wrigley illustrations are blander, more conventional, less mannered than those of Lescanff: weaker and also less exasperating where they fail. When Northcott quotes Scripture, it is the King James version. Cocagnac-Haughton adapt the more contemporary RSV (and the lovely Grail Psalms in the Old Testament volume). Individuals must, ultimately, choose for themselves between these books. I would prefer the *Bible for Young Christians* and use it gratefully but cautiously—as any such tool, no matter how excellent, should be handled. 7-12.

FICTION FOR PREADOLESCENTS

Onion Journey. By Julia Cunningham. Ill. by Lydia Cooley. Pantheon. $3.50.

A few years ago Miss Cunningham's *Dorp Dead* introduced Gilly Ground to an admiring audience. Now she tells a poignant story of Gilly's earlier boyhood, when a lonely Christmas was made festive by the poetic imagination of his absent grandmother.

Fishing With Dad. Written and ill. by James Flora. Harcourt. $3.50.

Daniel is permitted to accompany his father on a voyage of the *Kitty Q.* Interesting narrative and rousing pictures convey the sights and sounds, hazards and toil of a fisherman's life with warmth and wit. 6-9.

From "Rumpelstiltskin" (Harcourt, Brace & World)

The Christmas Bower. By Polly Redford. Ill. by Edward Gorey. Dutton. $3.95.

Rare birds loose during the Christmas rush in a department store owned by the colorful Kubichek clan make a promise of farce that the author keeps only in part. The background of ornithology and store management will entertain more than the foreground of Kubichek family life.

Mossy Trotter. By Elizabeth Taylor. Ill. by Laszlo Acs. Harcourt. $3.25.

The skills that account for Miss Taylor's success as a novelist for adults make this a pleasant book for a parent to read aloud, a chapter or two at a time. Both generations can sympathize with Mossy's reluctance to serve as page in a flossy wedding, his devotion to a madcap grandfather, his mixed feelings about a baby brother. 7-10.

Jamie's Summer Visitor. By Betty Roland. Ill. by Prudence Seward. McGraw. $2.95.

Nine-year-old Jamie resents the intrusion of a brittle child from Sydney on the easygoing ways of his uncle's sheep ranch. They share a summery Australian Christmas, learning in the end to give and take, and even to enjoy. This endearing, simple story, the second of a series, makes the antipodes near and vivid. 7-10.

A Wonderful, Terrible Time. By Mary Stolz. Ill. by Louis S. Glanzman. Harper. $3.95.

Two nice little girls share the experience of city life, and have contrasting reactions to a summer camp. Although well-told, their story would be ordinary enough—excepting that they are Negroes. Our library shelves need such ordinary stories of Negro humanity, to be read absent-mindedly by the voracious young consumers of so much segregated ephemera. It is nevertheless a pity that this one is not livelier. 8-12.

A Handful of Thieves. By Nina Bawden. Lippincott. $3.50.

Some lively preadolescents conspire to outwit a thief. The narrative is compelling, the people are credible, and the whole is thoroughly appealing. 9-12.

Bola and the Oba's Drummers. By Letta Schatz. Ill. by Tom Feelings. McGraw. $4.50.

The author spent four years in Nigeria and became fascinated by the lore attending the Royal Drummers, whose mysterious rhythms announce events to the Oba's court. Her tale of Bola, a village child who covets a place among those Drummers, is little more than a

MARY LOUISE BIRMINGHAM *has had wide experience as an editor and an editorial consultant to publishers of juvenile books.*

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vehicle for the lore which, fortunately, is absorbing. 8-12.

Bettina's Secret. By Britt G. Hallqvist. Translated from the Swedish by Anne Parker. Ill. by Marjorie-Ann Watts. Harcourt. $3.25.

Bettina is bedridden with a broken leg, but her hospital stay is cheered by an imaginative nurse who leaves comforting surprises, fosters friendships, and seems to have a secret identity. Low-keyed suspense and likable people make a pleasant tale. 8-12.

The Holy Terror. By François Mauriac. Ill. by Ingrid Fetz. Funk. $3.95.

A disastrously indulged only child is the focus of this short novel set in unmistakable Mauriac country. His healing encounter with a gifted and ruthless governess is the substance of the plot. 8 and up.

Adam Bookout. By Louisa R. Shotwell. Ill. by W. T. Mars. Viking. $3.95.

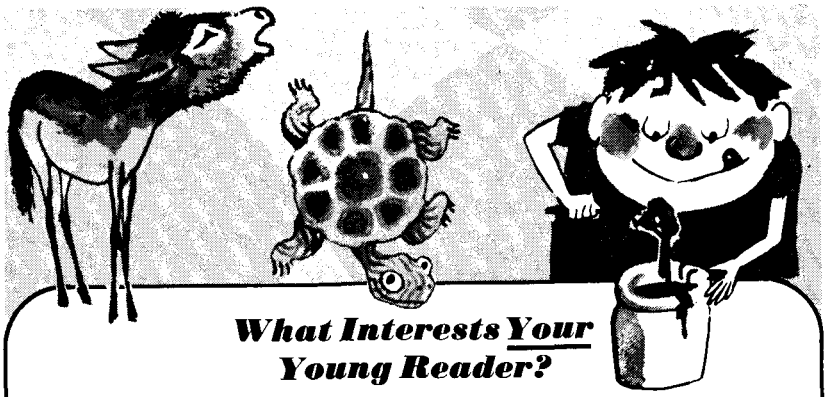
The creator of *Roosevelt Grady* introduces the equally authentic young hero of a quite different environment. Orphaned by a plane crash, Adam escapes the unwelcome care of courtesy aunts. He makes his lonely way across country to the Brooklyn of two unknown cousins, who once wrote "Come and see us!!" on a Christmas card. Challenged by the complex life of a strange city, Adam does some thinking and some growing. His story invites young readers to do the same. 9-12.

Half-Breed. By Evelyn Sibley Lampman. Ill. by Ann Grifalconi. Doubleday. $3.95.

The Oregon-born son of a gold prospector and an Indian squaw leaves his Crow tribesmen to look for his father. He encounters danger and humiliation, puzzling new values, interesting people and exciting adventures. 9-12.

Octagon Magic. By Andre Norton. Ill. by Mac Conner. World. $3.95.

Shy Lorrie is homesick for her native Canada and rejected by her new schoolmates. She finds solace and fantastic adventure in the eight-sided Victorian



What Interests Your Young Reader?

Make your selection from this list of children's books published by Little, Brown

EVERY TIME I CLIMB A TREE
David McCord; illustrated by Marc Simont. The famous poet's selection of 25 of his youngest poems, with spectacular pictures by the Caldecott Award-winning artist.
Ages 6-8. $3.95

***FROM KING BOGGEN'S HALL TO NOTHING-AT-ALL**
Blair Lent. The extraordinary houses found in classic nursery rhymes, selected and riotously illustrated by one of today's most imaginative artists.
Ages 6-8. $3.95

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN
Ed Emberley. Never before has the favorite children's game — its verses, variations, background, and rules — been so unusually and effectively presented.
Ages 6-8. $3.50

FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN JAPAN
Virginia Haviland; illustrated by George Suyeoka. The 13th handsome book of tales retold by the Head of the Children's Book Section, Library of Congress.
Ages 6-8. $2.95

MACHINES FOR YOU
F. Wenderoth Saunders. All the big fascinating machines a child sees in his own town, described in terms of the work they do and strikingly illustrated in color.
Ages 6-8. $3.95

THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T LOSE
Matt Christopher; illustrated by Foster Caddell. This time the popular sports story writer turns to football, with a mystery added for good measure. Ages 8-12. $2.95

***WHAT MAKES A PLANE FLY?**
Scott Corbett; illustrated by Leonard Darwin. The author of *What Makes a Car Go?* and *What Makes TV Work?* clearly explains the physics of aviation. Ages 8-12. $2.95

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE JAY and Other Tales of India
John W. Spellman; illustrated by Jerry Pinkney. Twenty-five memorable tales that mothers in India tell their children, collected first hand by the author.
Ages 8-12. $3.50

WHERE'S AGGIE?
Betty K. Erwin; illustrated by Paul Edward Kennedy. An intriguing sequel to *Aggie, Maggie, and Tish,* featuring the same entertaining blend of fact and fancy.
Ages 8-12. $3.95

MISSING MELINDA
Jacqueline Jackson; illustrated by Irene Burns. The author of *The Taste of Spruce Gum,* a 1966 Notable Book, has now written a hilarious mystery about a missing antique doll. Ages 8-12. $3.95

THE GHOST OF OPALINA
Peggy Bacon. The absorbing story of a haunted house and the children who lived in it during 200 years, told by the haunt herself.
Ages 10 up. $4.95

STUCK WITH LUCK
Elizabeth Johnson; illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. The trouble a boy endures when a little leprechaun becomes his roommate turns out to be worth it.
Ages 8-12. $3.50

THAT REMARKABLE MAN Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes
Edith Patterson Meyer; illustrated with photos. A short, dramatic biography of the great Justice, with emphasis on his early years.
Ages 12 up. $4.75

***Atlantic Monthly Press Books**

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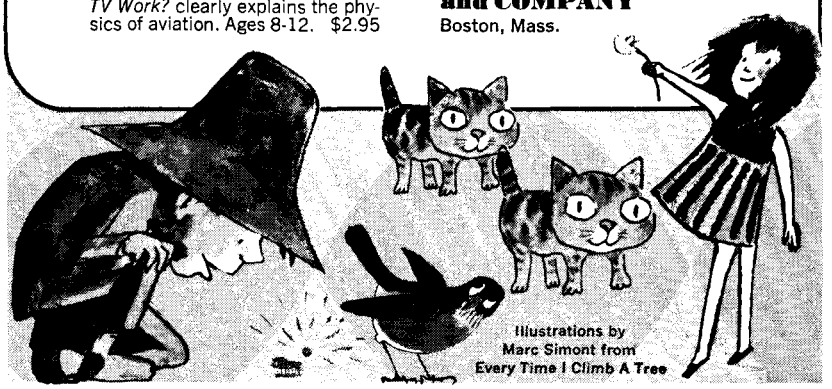

Illustrations by Marc Simont from Every Time I Climb A Tree

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house of Miss Ashemeade, who may or may not be a witch. The story is an artful mixture of magic and realism. 9-14.

Ivanov Seven. By Elizabeth Janeway. Ill. by Eros Keith. Harper. $3.95.

The jacket quotes some enthusiastic endorsements and none of them exaggerates. Good Soldier Ivanov's war with the Imperial Russian Army and his triumphant journey homeward to his mother's vineyard make good telling. This comic novel is moving and thought-provoking. 9 and up.

Over the Blue Mountain. By Conrad Richter. Ill. by Herbert Danska. Knopf. $3.75.

Two village boys, baffled and haunted by a Dutch superstition, spend a strange twenty-four hours on Pennsylvania's Blue Mountain. Richter's first story for children evokes the color of a place and a time with professional skill. 10 and up.

The Cloud with the Silver Lining. By C. Everard Palmer. Ill. by Laszlo Acs. Pantheon. $3.95.

A Jamaican patriarch has been in despair since the amputation of his leg. His grandsons work hard and lovingly to make him happy again. Its blend of charm and realism gives this tale of the West Indies a value all its own. 10 and up.

The Lonely Mound. By William Campbell Gault. Dutton. $3.50.

Convincing dialogue, refreshing humor, and lively pace redeem the too-familiar plot of the baseball rookie who helps his team win its first pennant in years.

The Fearsome Inn. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Ill. by Nonny Hogrogian. Scribners. $4.50.

Children who enjoy the darker fancies of Anderson will be pleasurably haunted by Doboshova, the innkeeping witch, and her demonic husband. Three captive maidservants and three young travelers thwart the sorcerers' spells and free the inn of their evil presence. This beautiful and terrifying gothic tale is illustrated with uncanny subtlety. 8-12.

The Elephant Who Liked To Smash Small Cars. By Jean Merrill. Ill. by Ronni Solbert. Pantheon. $3.50.

This really funny story is told and illustrated with the elegant simplicity of genius. It deserves to become a minor classic. The elephant is irresistible, and his "Smashing Song" is great fun, too. The book is a good-humored, unpriggish lesson for ardent young smashers —and also a joy. 5-8.

The Two Giants. Written and ill. by Michael Foreman. Pantheon. $3.95.

Boris and Sam are the colorful giants. The fable of their quarrel and reconciliation seems very real. 5-8.

The Truthful Harp. By Lloyd Alexander. Ill. by Evaline Ness. Holt. $3.50.

King Fflewddur Flam decides to wander about his kingdom disguised as a bard. His adventures, both sublime and ridiculous, are complicated by the gift of a harp that will not permit him to embroider the truth. The illustrations are imaginative and amusing. 4-8.

The Four Clever Brothers. By the Brothers Grimm. Ill. by Felix Hoffmann. Harcourt. $4.50.

Rumpelstiltskin. By the Brothers Grimm. Ill. by Jacqueline Ayer. Harcourt. $3.50.

Enchanting new editions of two old favorites. The former (and less hackneyed) story is a sufficiently handsomer production to justify the dollar's difference. Nevertheless, both are so beautiful that the buyer may economize without compromising good taste. 4-8.

Brave Soldier Janosh. Retold and ill. by Victor G. Ambrus. Harcourt. $3.50.

There is more flavor than substance to this tall tale of Janosh, the comic boaster of Polish legend, and how he defeated Napoleon. Fortunately, the flavor is rich and full-bodied, and the pictures are a meal in themselves. 5-8.

The Tsar's Riddles, or The Wise Little Girl. Retold by Guy Daniels. Ill. by Paul Galdone. McGraw. $3.75.

The small protagonist of this sage and comic Russian folk tale outwits the Tsar, secures justice for her father, and grows up to become Tsarina. Spirited little girls will empathize with the heroine, who is in refreshing contrast to passive fairy-tale princesses. 5-9.

The Two Windmills. By Maryke Reesink. Ill. by Georgette Apol. Harcourt. $3.95.

An avaricious miller plants a screen of poplars to stop the wind from turning his friendly neighbor's mill, and impoverishes the family whose success he had envied. But good is returned for evil, and the enemies become friends. Story and pictures are lively and colorful. 5-8.

The Honeybees. By Franklin Russell. Ill. by Colette Portal. Knopf. $3.95.

A naturalist's account of the life cycle of a bee colony is written with distinction and marvelously illustrated. Recommended without reservation as a particularly fine gift for almost any child. 5-8.

Isabel's Noel. By Jane Yolen. Ill. by Arnold Roth. Funk. $2.95.

Isabel is a blue-eyed, rather inefficient young witch, who was introduced in an earlier whimsy called *The Witch Who Wasn't.* She returns for a gay and foolish episode with Santa Claus. 4 and up.

The Lollipop Party. By Ruth Sonneborn. Ill. by Brinton Turkle. Viking. $2.75.

A small Puerto-Rican child copes with a small crisis in a grown-up way. This attractive, simple story is a happy response to pleas for "books for children living in homes quite different from the homes depicted in most picture books." 4-7.

Cindy's Sad and Happy Tree. By Doris Orgel. Ill. by Ati Forberg. Knopf. $3.50.

Cindy, who was introduced in an earlier book, laments the loss of a blighted elm tree, and chooses a comic and touching substitute. This little book is more a glimpse of a sensitive child than

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a story—but the glimpse is a perceptive one. 4-7.

ANIMALS, REAL AND IMAGINARY

The Cat Book. By Marianne Bresser. Ill. by Shannon Stirnweis. Holiday. $3.75.

Cat-lovers of all ages will enjoy this interesting, well-written, charmingly illustrated discussion of their favorite pets. Not a how-to book, it nevertheless includes some practical advice for cat owners, along with history, legend, profiles of breeds and a comparison of wild and tame felines.

Higglety Pigglety Pop! or There Must Be More To Life. Written and ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $4.95.

A not-too-well-known nursery rhyme is developed into inspired rigmarole by a fine artist. Jennie, the dog who "has eaten the mop," is psychedelic invention to rival the wildest fantasies of Mother Goose. The pictures, too, are stunning pastiche. Adults probably will enjoy this as much as the children will.

Melvin the Moose Child; The Adventures of Arab. By Louis Slobodkin. Ill. by the author. Vanguard. $3.95 each.

These two have in common the uncoy whimsy of a homespun bedtime story by an experienced parent. Both are relaxed, unpretentious and amiable. The adventures of *Melvin*, the infant moose, and *Arab*, the merry-go-round horse, are soporific in the best sense. *Melvin* is a briefer story, for younger auditors. *Arab* should last through several bedtimes, for slightly longer memories and attention-spans.

The Gunniwolf. Retold by Wilhelmina Harper. Ill. by William Wiesner. Dutton. $3.95.

An accomplished narrator retells her unassuming tale of a little girl and a fabulous beast, half a century after its original publication. New pictures echo the story's folkish gaiety. 4-7.

The Crows of Pearblossom. By Aldous Huxley. Ill. by Barbara Cooney. Random House. $3.50.

The late, distinguished author created

Inviting new books from Macmillan

THE BAD BEAR
Rudolf Neumann
Pictures by Eva Johanna Rubin. Translated by Jack Prelutsky. Even well-behaved children will enjoy this story. Ages 3-7 $3.95

THE BROOK
Carol and Donald Carrick
Perfect for young nature lovers. Ages 4-7 $3.95

A GOPHER IN THE GARDEN
Jack Prelutsky
Pictures by Robert Leydenfrost. A giggling gaggle of verses. Ages 4-8 $3.95

MELISSA'S FRIEND FABRIZZIO
Lisl Weil
A Venetian holiday for rocking-chair travelers. Ages 4-8 $3.95

A WREATH OF CHRISTMAS LEGENDS
Phyllis McGinley
Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Sure to become a Christmas classic. All ages $3.95

THE CITY OF GOLD AND LEAD
John Christopher
A 21st century tale by a master of science fiction. Ages 10-14 $4.25

WILL I HAVE A FRIEND?
Miriam Cohen
Pictures by Lillian Hoban. A book to reassure the shyest preschooler. Ages 3-6 $3.50

THE LITTLE DUSTER
Bill Charmatz
A shaggy dog story children will find exquisitely funny. Ages 3-7 $3.95

THE STORY OF JESUS
Maud and Miska Petersham
A new edition using the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament. Imprimatur. Ages 6-8 $3.95

BIBLE FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS
A. M. Cocagnac and Rosemary Haughton
Illustrated by Jacques Lescanff. Favorite Bible stories. Available with imprimatur. Ages 8-12. The Old Testament and the New Testament, $4.95 each

BESS AND THE SPHINX
Elizabeth Coatsworth
Illustrated by Bernice Loewenstein. The charming story of how one little girl found the key to self-confidence. Ages 7-11 $3.75

DARK HORSE BARNABY
Marjorie Reynolds
Illustrated by Peter Biegel. For every child who loves horses and horse stories. Ages 9 up $3.95

THE FALL OF THE INCAS
Edited by Shirley Glubok
Eye-witness accounts of the Spanish conquest of Peru, adapted for young art and history buffs. Ages 10 up $5.95

HECTOR BERLIOZ
Victor Seroff
The latest in Mr. Seroff's series of biographies of composers (Chopin, Liszt, Mozart) for young musicians and music lovers. Ages 12 up $4.95

THE WHITE CAT
Mme. la Comtesse d'Aulnoy
Arranged by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. A classic collection of French fairy tales. All ages $4.95

DWELLERS IN THE WOOD
John Clare
Illustrated by Harold Goodwin. An imaginative way to introduce children to poetry. All ages $3.50

ALL THE SILVER PENNIES
Edited by Blanche Jennings Thompson
Illustrated by Ursula Arndt. Combines two classics—*Silver Pennies* and *More Silver Pennies*. All ages $4.95

Illustrations from *The Bad Bear*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 866 Third Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

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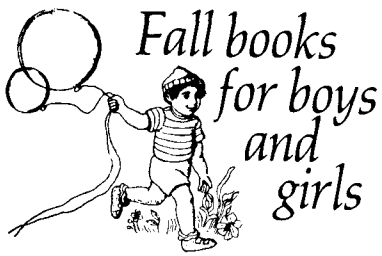


WHO IS PADDY?
by Elizabeth K. Cooper and Harriet Pincus. Chasing leaves, squishing mud, seldom sitting still—Paddy is the essence of small boyhood, captured with humor and understanding in text and in gay pictures. Illustrated in four colors. Ages 3-8 $2.95

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS
by the Brothers Grimm and Felix Hoffmann. A noted Swiss artist turns this tale of the four brothers who sought their fortune and rescued a princess into a vivid delight. Ages 4-8 $4.50

THE THIEF AND THE BLUE ROSE
by Ursula Schaeffler; translated by Elizabeth D. Crawford. When Princess Mandala's jewels are stolen, the great magician Katamonu and his miraculous blue rose fly off to find the thief. Rich, vibrant paintings evoke the Oriental setting. Ages 4-8 $4.25

RUMPELSTILTSKIN
by the Brothers Grimm and Jacqueline Ayer. The beloved old story takes on new life with lovely pictures that combine sensitive line and exciting color, by the author-artist of *A Wish for Little Sister.* Ages 5-8 $3.50

MOSSY TROTTER
by Elizabeth Taylor; illustrated by Laszlo Acs. The noted English author's first book for children is a warm, humorous story about the adventures and misadventures of a small boy who must face the ordeal of being a page at a London wedding. Ages 7-10 $3.25

THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES OF THE BORROWERS, including
THE BORROWERS, THE BORROWERS AFIELD, THE BORROWERS AFLOAT, THE BORROWERS ALOFT
by Mary Norton; illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. The complete text of these distinguished children's classics available for the first time in one volume with their original illustrations. Ages 8 up $6.95

THE LOLLIPOP PRINCESS
A PLAY FOR PAPER DOLLS IN ONE ACT
by Eleanor Estes; illustrated by the author. Readers of the long-cherished Moffat books will delight in Jane Moffat's play in one act for paper dolls—and can perform it for themselves. Ages 8-12 $2.50

THE WHITE ARCHER
AN ESKIMO LEGEND
by James Houston. The author-artist of *Tikta'liktak* and *Eagle Mask* tells of Kungo, a young Eskimo, who becomes a great archer to avenge the killing of his parents but who acquires a wisdom greater than violence. Ages 8-12 $3.50

Illustration from *Who Is Paddy?*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

this comic tale for his five-year-old niece, more than twenty years ago. Two crows outwit a rattlesnake who has been raiding their nest for eggs, and wreak a most satisfactory vengeance.

The Pai-Pai Pig. By Joy Anderson. Ill. by Jay Young. Harcourt. $2.75.

Here is a friendly little story about a shrewd Taiwanese child who keeps his beloved pig from being eaten at the pai-pai festival. Narrative detail and absorbing pen-and-ink drawings communicate a rich multiplicity of Taiwanese folkways. 8-12.

A Zebra Came To Drink. By Arthur Catherall. Ill. by John Schoenherr. Dutton. $3.50.

Some exciting events in the lives of a zebra and her foal, against a vivid African setting, are the substance of this naturalistic account that is genuinely worth reading, although it is blemished here and there by anthropomorphic foolishness. 8-12.

Favorite Horse Stories. Collected and ill. by C. W. Anderson. Dutton. $4.95.

The well-known author and illustrator of stories about horses selects from the work of his contemporaries those stories, essays and poems that he most enjoys. The book is energized by his life-like drawings and by a kinetic classic from the pen of Will James. 12 and up.

The Moon of the Owls. By Jean George. Ill. by Jean Zallinger.
The Moon of the Bears. By Jean George. Ill. by Mac Shephard.
The Moon of the Salamanders. By Jean George. Ill. by John Kaufmann. Crowell. $3.25 each.

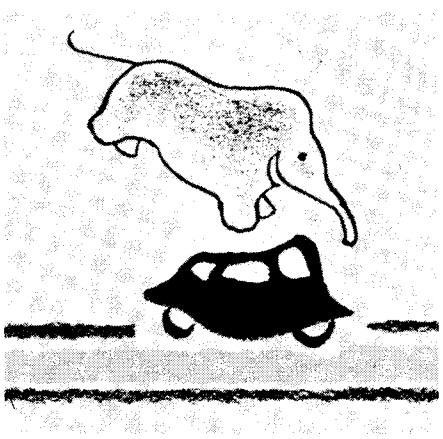
A careful reporter has devised a clever approach to the study of wild creatures. The first three of a projected series of thirteen "Moons" are both economically and lyrically written.

Dear Dolphin. By Herbert A. Kenny. Ill. by Kelly Oechsli. Pantheon. $3.95.

On a search for Lost Atlantis, a girl named Ann is companioned by a witty dolphin. He introduces her to some entertaining sea creatures and she has some adventures not wholly unworthy of Wonderland. Precocious addicts of fantasy will take pleasure in this leisurely whimsy. 8-12.

Porterhouse Major. By Margaret J. Baker. Ill. by Shirley Hughes. Prentice. $3.95.

An introspective schoolboy reads up on witchcraft and manages to conjure forth a prodigious cat. Dubbed Porterhouse by the boy's unsuspecting family, the arrogant new pet soon involves them in a series of funny embarrassments that are fun to read about. 8-12.



From "The Elephant Who Liked to Smash Small Cars (Pantheon)

The Ghost of Opalina, or Nine Lives. By Peggy Bacon. Ill. by the author. Little, Brown. $4.95.

A witty cat-ghost tells the stories of her lives, in a richly-plotted, rather old-fashioned episodic chronicle, dense with interesting people. Nesbit and Narnia fans should relish this one. 10 and up.

FICTION FOR TEENS

Early Thunder. By Jean Fritz. Ill. by Lynd Ward. Coward. $4.50.

This account of a boy's struggle with conflicting loyalties and an evolving conscience in 18th-century Massachusetts is a very good story indeed. Respected historians endorse the accuracy of Mrs. Fritz's version of Salem on the brink of the Revolution. The novel illuminates personal and political problems that exist analogously today and should not be missed by any literate young American. 12-16.

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The Contender. By Robert Lipsyte. Harper. $3.50.

Alfred Brooks is a high school dropout who sweeps floors for a Harlem grocer, practices boxing in the evenings, and dreams of liberation from the ghetto. This is no mere sports story, no mere ideological tract, but a remarkably successful novel in its own right. 12 and up.

The Red Towers of Granada. By Geoffrey Trease. Ill. by Charles Keeping. Vanguard. $3.95.

Robin attends his own "leper's funeral" and sets out on a harrowing sequence of adventures in medieval England and Spain. Background and cultural context are effectively drawn, especially the interrelations of Christian, Jew and Saracen, and the unchristian savagery of religious persecution.

His Enemy, His Friend. By John R. Tunis. Morrow. $3.50.

A German sergeant returns to France as a soccer-player, twenty years after the wartime incident for which the Normans dubbed him "Butcher of Nogent-Plage." The delineation of social guilt is sharp and unblurred by sentiment. 12-16.

High Courage. By Rosemary Weir. Ill. by Ian Ribbons. Farrar. $3.50.

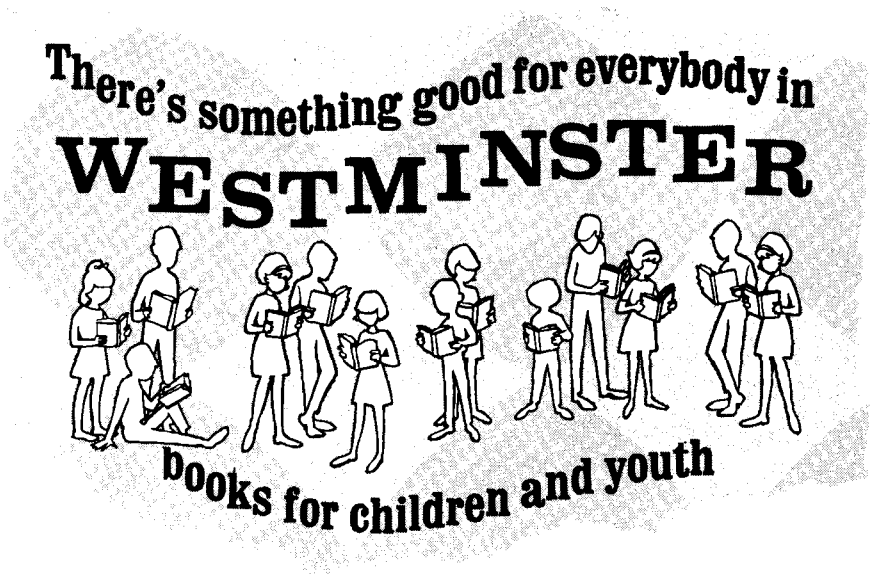
The rivalry between Henry III of England and Simon de Montfort provides the context for this historical thriller. Young Richard is captured during a siege of his father's castle and abducted to be a companion for the spoiled son of a hostile baron. Richard makes friends and enemies in his luxurious prison and musters the courage to escape. The boy's search for his fugitive father and his part in the liberation of their ancestral fortress are the climactic events of a well-paced tale of derring-do. Ages 9-13 is the span suggested by the publisher, but 12-14 seems likelier.

Smith. By Leon Garfield. Ill. by Antony Maitland. Pantheon. $3.95.

Smith is a child pickpocket who is falsely accused of murder and imprisoned in Newgate, that lowest depth of 18th-century London. The gripping plot and fierce underworld setting are reminiscent of Dickens—but a Dickens stripped of fat and paced for today's young readers. 12 and up.

Operation Time Search. By Andre Norton. Harcourt. $3.95.

Like much science fiction, this example is most interesting for its plot and its crucial gimmick—in this case, an experimental time machine. An American photographer blunders into the charged area, and finds himself plunged back to the mythic age of Atlantis. He becomes involved in hostilities between that barbaric city-state and another, more humane contemporary—while still in the



MISS TESSIE TATE
By Jean Horton Berg. Illus. by *Lee deGroot.* For boys and girls, 5 to 8: the charming, rhymed story of Miss Tessie Tate—who loved to do nothing but roller-skate! Grade A cloth binding, Pyroxylin Impregnated, Smythe sewn, waterproof and washable. *A Junior Literary Guild Selection.* $3.25

PEOPLE OF THE BIBLE
By Cecil Northcott. Illus. by *Denis Wrigley.* A beautiful companion volume to *Bible Encyclopedia for Children,* with portraits of Bible people ranging from Adam and Eve to Christ and his disciples. RSV quotations. Over 125 pictures, 60 in full color. 7⅞" x 9¾". Boys & girls, 7-12. $4.95

YOUR FIRST YEAR AT COLLEGE
Letters to a College Freshman
By Joseph E. McCabe. Warm, wise, informal letters by a college president to his own son—dealing with just about every intellectual current and personal challenge a new college student encounters. $2.95

SHADOW ON THE VALLEY
By Mary Phraner Warren. An Oregon girl makes friends with a VISTA volunteer—and with a group of Mexican migrant workers. Girls, 12-15. $3.75

A SPY CALLED MICHEL-E
By Amelia Elizabeth Walden. A masterly new spy novel—set in Peru—by an expert in suspense stories for girls. Girls, 12-15. $3.50

TORPEDOES AWAY!
By Gordon D. Shirreffs. More South Pacific action featuring the two young submarine sailors who were the heroes of four previous novels. Boys, 12-15, $3.75

MYSTERY OF THE OPAL RING
By Anne Emery. Paula helps to solve a jewel theft while working as a waitress at a resort hotel. Clever plot, plus interesting summer-job situation. Girls, 12-15. $3.75

MYSTERY OF THE STRANGE TRAVELER
By Phyllis A. Whitney. A reissue of a gripping haunted-house mystery originally titled *The Island of Dark Woods.* Boys & girls, 10-14. $3.75

STORIES OF FAMOUS SEA ADVENTURES
By Captain Frank Knight. Illus. by *Will Nickless.* Exciting true sea stories, ranging from earliest times to the 20th century. Boys & girls, 12-15. $3.50

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD
Compiled and edited by Donald J. Sobol. Stories about extraordinary feats of strength—some true, some legendary, all fascinating. Boys & girls, 12 up. $3.95

ANOTHER KIND OF COURAGE
By Marjory Hall. Set in revolutionary Georgia, this is Marjory Hall's fifth thrilling romance about actual heroines of American history. Girls, 13 to 15. $3.75

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New novel by Scott O'Dell

THE BLACK PEARL

Award-winning author of *Island of the Blue Dolphins* and *The King's Fifth* now tells the tale of young Ramon Salazar who took the Pearl of Heaven from the waters off Baja California. Thus, he incurs the wrath of the finest diver in the Salazar fleet and of the legendary Manta Diablo, the most dangerous monster in the Vermillion Sea.

"A gripping story that will hold practically any age enthralled, and so well written that it can be read aloud with pleasure." THE HORN BOOK.

"A short novel with the aura of a legend, the intensity of a vision, the headlong force of stripped-down, keyed-up fiction." THE KIRKUS SERVICE

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clutch of longing for his own lost space in time. This is a high-tension thriller. 12 and up.

The Anchor of Mercy. By Pierre MacOrlan. Translated by Frances Frenaye. Ill. by David K. Stone. Pantheon. $3.95.

Little Morgat's admiration for the glamorous Jerome Burns never wavers, though he slowly realizes that his respected friend and mentor is a murdering pirate. This novel of suspense is set in 18th-century France, in the seaport of Brest. Its psychological insight is limited but telling, reminiscent of Simenon. 12 and up.

TALES AND LEGENDS

Gilgamesh. Written and ill. by Bernarda Bryson. Holt. $4.95.

Uruk was the greatest of the cities of Sumer, and Gilgamesh its demigod-king. His epic history, the oldest known legend, was first recorded in cuneiform, three millennia before Christ. Its complex resonances are echoed in many later myths, yet the story remains evocative and beautiful in itself. Miss Bryson's version is superb. All ages.

Norse Gods and Giants. Written and ill. by Ingri and Edgar d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $5.95.

Once more this inimitable pair has produced an attractive volume, sparkling with their famous lithographs. The robust world of Odin, Thor, Frigg and Loki rings with majesty, fury and farce.

The Two Stonecutters. Adapted by Eve Titus. Ill. by Yoko Mitsuhashi. Doubleday. $3.95.

A Japanese folk tale about two brothers and how the elder squandered seven wishes is retold and illustrated in a manner that nimbly harmonizes the familiar and the exotic. Up to 8.

Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Japan. Retold by Virginia Haviland. Ill. by George Suyeoka. Little. $2.95.

Issun Boshi, the Inchlins. Retold by Momoko Ishii. Ill. by Fuku Akino. Walker. $3.50.

The latest volume of Miss Haviland's workmanlike series, 8 and up. One of her selections, a famous story akin to Tom Thumb, appears alone in a simpler version, as an especially lovely picture-book. 5-8.

The Beautiful Blue Jay and Other Tales of India. By John W. Spellman. Ill. by Jerry Pinckney. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Familiar characters appear in these attractive stories: stolen royal children, prudent or mischievous beasts, despised youngest brothers; some of their problems and stratagems will be charmingly strange to the North American child. 8 and up.

From "The Girl in White Armor" (Macmillan)

Taliesin. By Robert Nye. Ill. by Dorothy Maas. Hill & Wang. $3.95.

The poet Taliesin is found in the *Mabinogian,* that garland of Welsh legends. His peasant origin, his encounter with a witch, and his mysterious rebirth to a new life are here gracefully recounted. 10 and up.

The High Deeds of Finn MacCool. By Rosemary Sutcliff. Ill. by Michael Charlton. Dutton. $3.95.

The Irish legends of Finn and the Fianna, and of Oisin, the fairy's child who returned from Tyr-na-nOg and spoke with Priest Patrick, are magically retold by an experienced narrator. 11 and up.

Land of Seagull and Fox: Folk Tales of Vietnam. Collected and retold by Ruth Q. Sun. Ill. by Ho Thanh Duc. Tuttle. $4.50.

Some of these legendary stories con-

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tain memorable images: the invisible cloak patched with a silken butterfly, the ice-cold well of immortality. Thoughtful adolescents who are aware of current history will value these epiphanies of the Vietnamese people. Younger children will enjoy hearing many of the tales.

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The Girl in White Armor. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Ill. by Joe Isom. Macmillan. $4.50.

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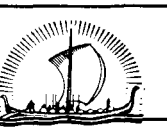

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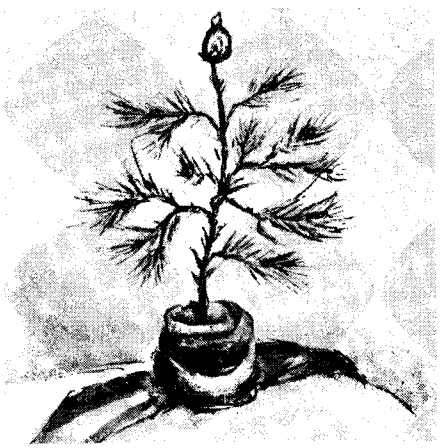
not be eaten. It will be difficult to read this in silence.

Poor Merlo. By Mary L. O'Neill. Ill. by Judy Piussi-Campbell. Atheneum. $3.95.

The lament for Merlo, the forgetful blackbird, was adapted from an Italian child's song and gaily illustrated by an American artist living in Florence. 4-8.



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From King Boggen's Hall to Nothing-at-all. Ill. by Blair Lent. Atlantic-Little. $3.95.

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Birds, Frogs, and Moonlight. Translated by Sylvia Cassedy and Kunihiro Suetake. Ill. by Vo-Dinh. Calligraphy by Koson Okamura. Doubleday. $3.50.

This brief anthology of haiku reproduces the seventeen-syllable verse-form in sensitive English versions of some Japanese poems. 7-10.

A Crocodile Has Me By the Leg: African Poems. Ed. by Leonard W. Doob. Ill. by Solomon Irein Wangboje. Walker. $2.95. Ages 9 and up.

Kaleidoscope: Poems by American Negro Poets. Ed. by Robert Hayden. Harcourt. $3.95. 14 and up.

These collections belong in all school and public libraries, as well as in any home whose children and grownups enjoy poetry. The emotional range of each is wide and the literary merit consistently high.

A Trilogy of Christmas Plays for Children. By Carol Preston. Ill. with photographs and diagrams. Harcourt. $3.95.

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A MEDLEY

La Fiesta. By Sesyle Joslin. Ill. by John Alcorn. Harcourt. $3.75.

Four vivid, short narratives are told in very simple Spanish, with equally vivid, self-explanatory illustrations. 5-9.

The Storybook Cookbook. By Carol MacGregor. Ill. by Ray Cruz. Doubleday. $3.50.

Here is a collection of fairly simple recipes for some of the delicacies that have tempted generations of young readers. The menu can be varied: from Tom Sawyer's fried fish to Captain Hook's green-iced cake (without the poison). Each recipe is accompanied by an appropriate exerpt from its literary source. There is a useful glossary of cooking terms. 9-12.

The Negro in American Life. By Mabel Morsbach. Ill. with photographs. Harcourt. $6.95.

A distinguished and imaginative presentation of this crucial aspect of U.S. history is desperately needed by young Americans. Until such a book is published, this one will suffice. Although it too much resembles an old-fashioned, lackluster textbook, it is clearly written, dispassionately just, and remarkably thorough. 12 and up.

Pockets of Hope. By Martha E. Munzer. Ill. with photographs. Knopf. $4.50.

These "studies of land and people" show how areas potentially rich become starkly poor, and how practical action by men of hope can restore a decent standard of living. Mrs. Munzer writes with an instinct for telling detail and a flair for narrative. 12 and up.

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French Canada. Written and ill. by Hazel Boswell. Atheneum. $4.95.

A child who remembers Expo with pleasure might enjoy this nostalgic, quaintly illustrated record of a Quebec that has almost disappeared. All ages.

Flowerpot Gardens. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Henry Evans. Crowell. $3.75.

A city child with an itching green thumb would be grateful for this deft introduction to twenty plants that can thrive in a pot.

Carousel Books. A series edited by Edith Stull, written and ill. by many contributors. L. W. Singer. Sold in sets of ten to classrooms and libraries.

Three of these handsome, sturdy, well-written sets have just been published, each accompanied by a Teacher's Guide and a group of skill cards. They would provide rich supplementary reading experience for first graders, having been designed as classroom libraries. Similar sets for later grades are in preparation. Carousel Books present the heterogeneous real world with respect and insight. A few titles may suggest the range, which includes realism, fantasy, facts and fun: *Dandelions Are Growing, My Daddy Lost His Job, Hiccup Hippo, Kinji Goes Fishing, Street Dog, A Helicopter Can Be, Too Many Live In My House.*

SCIENCE

From Under the Earth. Written and ill. by Howard E. Smith, Jr. Harcourt. $3.50.

The histories and properties of 28 metals, fuels and minerals make interesting reading for the budding geologist, or for any curious young scientist. 10-14.

Discovering Rocks and Minerals. By Roy A. Gallant and Christopher J. Schuberth. Ill. with maps, charts, photographs and diagrams. Natural History. $3.95.

This is a well-planned and admirably thorough handbook for young rock-collectors, with helpful illustrations. All ages.

Bathtub Physics. By Hy Ruchlis. Ill. with diagrams by Ray Skibinski. Harcourt. $3.25.

Archimedes was the first to make a laboratory of his bath, but he failed to exploit it as thoroughly as Mr. Ruchlis does. Many important principles are cleverly demonstrated, and problems and experiments are included, to stimulate more adventurous readers. 10-14.

To the Ends of the Universe. By Isaac Asimov. Ill. with photographs and diagrams. Walker. $3.95.

This is a lucid and lively presentation of astronomical facts and hypotheses, by a most competent redactor of science for the layman.

The Crust of the Earth. By Keith Clayton. Ill. with maps, charts, photographs and diagrams. Natural History. $4.95.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 159)

the liturgical movement, is there no hope of common justice for those who are not members of the liturgical in-group? If so, the liturgy cannot possibly exert that deep and transforming influence upon the whole Church which its advocates so confidently expect. The liturgical movement should lead not to division, but to unity; it must not involve its leaders and participants in a sterile sectarianism, but should make for a rejoicing in all the good things which the Church has received, including the work of those Catholic thinkers who did not happen to begin their career with the opening of Vatican Council II.

JOHN J. MULLOY

Devon, England

To the Editors: As Professor Christopher Dawson's life-long friend, who assisted him to arrange for publication *The Formation of Christendom* and compiled the Index, I am delighted by the appreciative review in Commonweal. May I however be permitted some observations on two of your reviewer's criticisms.

That some half dozen quotations lack references is of course regrettable. I should like to explain the reason. Christopher Dawson's very serious ill health made it impossible for him to find these references and no one possessed the necessary knowledge to do so.

Professor Dawson did not mention the gross liturgical deficiency of medieval Catholicism, because, like myself, he does not believe it existed. On the contrary, we both deplore the present liturgical deformation, including the employment of the vernacular. I remember indeed a letter he once wrote to a Catholic paper in which he contrasted the refusal of Catholics to learn a minimum of liturgical Latin with the behavior of Negro converts to Islam prepared to learn Arabic in order to read the Koran, which Muslim orthodoxy refuses to translate.

We are, in fact, both convinced that this alleged reform of the liturgy is robbing Catholics of their liturgical heritage from the past as rich in spiritual significance as beautiful in its expression.

More generally, and on this point also Christopher Dawson would, I believe, agree with me, it is, I am sure, important to distinguish between a Christian society whose members live in accordance with the Gospel and a Christian religion-culture in which men's higher and nobler activities are specifically Christian. The former, in consequence of human sin and folly, has never existed, nor, I think is likely to do so hereafter. The latter was achieved in medieval Europe.

EDWARD I. WATKIN

REPLY

The *pietas*—of which Mr. Dawson speaks so movingly—that we should have "towards the institutions and the men who laid the foundations of Christianity in the West," should not blind us

Commonweal Papers II

Here is an excerpt from the special November 24 issue on "The Problem of Jesus":

"In questions of historicity, when we think of biblical criticism, we rightly think of examining the biblical text to determine the original wording that may have suffered from scribes, of tracing the materials that have gone into the composition of a book, of ascertaining the type of literature involved and the author's purpose . . . Studies of the resurrection of Jesus have been greatly influenced by the fact that in our experience men do not rise from the dead and by the medical observation that with death there begins a complex series of irreversible bodily changes that makes even the concept of a return to physical life most difficult. Now, a certain amount of preconceived skepticism about the unusual is a good thing, for it causes us to examine the Bible carefully . . . ."

—Raymond E. Brown, S.S.
on "The Resurrection and Biblical Criticism"

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to the inadequacies and failures of their achievement. It strikes me that Professor Mulloy's suggestions are not *à propos* of my criticisms since I was careful not to underestimate in any way "the significance of liturgy for early Christian culture." The early liturgies were indeed vital and creative as contrasted with those of the Latin Middle Ages precisely because they had the power of recreating a new people in the mysteries of Christian initiation and of sustaining them thereafter by means of Word and Sacrament. I was contrasting that situation of a living, vernacular liturgy with the sad deterioration characteristic of the High Middle Ages when unintelligibility was at a premium and sacramental life at a frightfully low ebb. The actual condition of the medieval Church at its cultural zenith was one of liturgical starvation; it was quite literally starving to death for want of the preached Word and the administered Sacrament. The liturgical norm of the "early Christian culture"—Sunday Mass sung entirely in the vernacular with a homily and Communion under both kinds for all—was non-existent in the High Middle Ages.

To confess publicly as Mr. Watkin does—and for Mr. Dawson as well!—that he does not believe that medieval Catholicism had any gross liturgical deficiency should be a source of consolation to me, I suppose. I had thought that just such a blind spot had been the point of my original review.

WILLIAM G. STOREY

On Being Specific

Coral Gables, Fla.

To the Editors: Robert McAfee Brown (Oct. 13) has made a competent defense of his position for getting down to specifics in the Vietnam misery. Anyone who heard Msgr. Higgins' remarks at the Washington rally of Clergy and Laity last January will not be surprised to find him objecting to getting specific about Vietnam. The Catholic clergy and laity attending that meeting met on the day after Msgr. Higgins' intervention for the precise purpose of dissociating ourselves from his position. If Dr. Brown were not so kind he might have suggested that there really is little difference between being quite specific about what happens in Albany, N.Y., and being specific about what happens in Washington. Or will we be specific only when we are sure of the victory? . . .

(REV.) FREDERIC M. CAMERON

Re: The Non-Rebellious

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your striking editorial on the Priest as Rebel (Oct. 6) presented the feelings of many of my priest friends extremely well, but if I may quarrel with anything, allow me to suggest that the word "rebel" leaves part of the picture of present priestly perplexities untouched. Many priests are more disheartened than rebellious. Terribly excited by the style of Vatican II, they are just about ready to admit that our promised land of Camelot, or Brigadoon, was too good to be true. We have been allowed our toys on Christmas and during the octave, but now it's time to get back to the canonical form of life. It's back to business as usual; the Holy Shroud has once more descended.

The question of priestly celibacy was never really so critical until the Holy Father's encyclical on the subject raised more doubts than it solved. The respect for the Holy Father and his infallibility is now more in question because of the way in which it is being raised to push aside many pressing problems. . . . Many of us are wondering when the Holy Spirit will again be allowed out. The windows and doors of the Church may be opened, but some of the air around us is not always the freshest. . . .

NAME WITHHELD

No Fun Allowed

Garrison, Md.

To the Editors: I could not help reacting to the "News and Views" page in the Oct. 6 issue on 'Habits.' For the past two summers nuns have lived with me in the parsonage of a mission church I serve in Hawaii and I have come to a very deep understanding of the inner turmoil and anguish so many sisters are presently going through as they honestly try to come to grips with the changes being made within their church and their orders.

To make fun of an issue which so many are wrestling with so earnestly is, I feel, something akin to making light of the issues of capital punishment, celibate clergy, or of any other area of very deep and serious concern to many individuals who are engaged in the moral and religious battles of their lives . . . The issue of the modern habit carries with it very deep and difficult conflicts for thousands of nuns after many years in one sort of dress, and I do not think it is a topic to be bandied about thoughtlessly as I feel you have done. . . .

THE REV. EMILY PRESTON
Chaplain, The Garrison Forest School

Distrust Espied

Kalamazoo, Michigan

To the Editors: Archbishop Paul Hallinan's article (Oct. 13) suffers at least one of the defects found in the institutional Church.

He wants to play the game safely within limits lest there be a "green light for improvised campus liturgies." He wants to have new forms "submitted to Rome"; he wants to make sure that all is "fully authorized." . .

Where is the place for honest spontaneity? What an enormous distrust of priest and laity the hierarchy must really nurture under the guise of preventing "anarchy of the altar"! . . .

GEORGE J. MCMORROW

Mea Culpa

Jersey City, N.J.

To the Editors: There once was a novelist who ran away from anything resembling publicity or recognition. His name was B. Traven and it was a novel by him that John Huston transformed into the great picture the "Treasure of Sierra Madre." I have cooperated with Traven even in death by saying in my article on contemporary film (Oct. 20) that Huston took the "Treasure" from Chaucer. I hereby make amends for my own omission of recognition.

WILLIAM F. LYNCH, S.J.

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